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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Antonia; a Poem, with Notes. Descriptive of the Plague in Malta. By Murdo Young. 12mo. pp. 100. London. 1818.

THE scene of this poem is laid in Malta. The chief interest and novelty it possesses relates to the plague which raged in the island during the year 1813. An explanatory note of that dreadful period, by the Author, who was an eye-witness, is not the least valuable part of the publication, and we intend to subjoin it at full length. This subject, however, is treated of in the latter part of the poem, and we shall give a sketch of the story to which it forms the most striking incident.—It opens thus:—

"There is an isle where morning's breath is sweet,
And even's cool sigh is soothing after heat!
Where ancient glories consecrate the scene,
And modern splendour rivals what hath been.
But the bold spirit of her fame is o'er,
And proud Melita's knighthood is no more;
No more she views the cross of Christ unfurl'd
To Heaven's glad winds—the wonder of the world!
Yet—from that glory will she start in sleep,
And grasp the sword of vengeance—but to weep!"

The heroine is now introduced; she is "enchancingly," sincere, and, further, possesses the following attributes:—

"Persuasive goodness and alluring grace
Beamed in her eye and played upon her face,—
While each endearment passion could express
Was lost—and lovers deem'd her passionless—
Till young Orlando on her fancy stole
In thrilling joys, and sympathy of soul!
Then sweet Antonia felt the tender woe—
Sensations strange, and love's enrapturing glow!
A restless magic o'er her bosom swept,
And touch'd the chord where all her feelings slept."

The "youthful friendship" of this pair ripens into mutual affection, to the explanation, approbation, and coy return of which, we are rather sluggishly obliged to lend our attention: and, as it has not the stimulus of personal interest, (the only one to make it endurable,) the subject fails to amuse; tender, whining, and clandestine love-scenes, common place endearments, sighs, looks, and tears, cannot be too quickly

past over in description,—they are better left to the imagination; and this first whole canto, expressing the sickly dialogue of an early attachment, is intolerably nauseous to the reader. Of course there are apparently insurmountable obstacles to the union of Orlando and Antonia. The disapprobation of friends, the poverty, the spirit, and wished-for independence of the youth, combine to make a voyage in quest of wealth necessary. This furnishes many more absurdly fondling lines, to depict the adieux and agonising reflections of our young people.—The following are eminently conspicuous for their weakness:—

"And wilt thou go?"—the burst of feeling came,
With sighs of tenderness, and looks of shame,—
'Oh! were the world my gift—I'd give away
A thousand worlds to make Orlando stay!
I will not hear thee!—no!—it must not be—
If thou depart—Antonia goes with thee!
'My God!—Yet stay!—I'll come again this night.'
He kissed her twice—and vanish'd from her sight."

Perhaps the next may obtain rather more credit:—

"No pen may paint like Hope's angelic Muse!
Around his neck the beauteous maiden clung,
With heavy heart, while silence chained her tongue:
But that deep sorrow labouring in her breast,
Impassioned tears tumultuously confest.
A kindred weakness o'er his bosom stole,
And spoke in tears the anguish of his soul!
'Twas such a struggle of delirious woe
As Nature proved on Adam's overthrow!"

The following lines, though not new in idea, present an interesting sentiment and picture:—

"Far as the bark—career'g o'er the main,
Friendship and Love their eager eyeballs strain;
Till, as she fades in distance from their hope,
Delight restores her with the telescope:
But as it brings the bark to Beauty's view—
O that the glass would bring Orlando too!
Heaves her fond bosom—and that wish for him
With swelling tenderness makes vision dim.
And her meek eyes with dew are swimming bright,
Whose trembling radiance mocks the stars of night,
Till Nature's burst of feeling sends them forth,
Like falling meteors streaming to the earth.
Evening descends—and now they, doubtful, mark
The billowy movement of Orlando's bark,
Which, fading, mocks the telescopic eye—
Melts in the wave, and mingles with the sky."

We are not sorry, at last, to consign him to the ocean, and are now introduced to Dylrook, the perfidious friend and wealthy rival of the favoured Orlando,—this character is drawn with considerable justness, and possesses some strokes of original description:—

"In foreign climes Dylrook had hoarded wealth;
But paid for gold that peerless blessing, health.
Health! best companion of declining age,
He squandered freely on adventure's stage.
And now, in manhood's summer-eve, complains
Of winter's weakness, apathy, and pains.
And he hath found ambition's envied charm
Possessed, a dream of covetous alarm!
He looks on nature—but the rural scene
Joyless appears, compared with what hath been."

He seeks delight in fashion's heartless round,
But with regret—in memory—'tis found.
The hapless wanderer then reverts to home
For absent joy—a transport yet to come!
He hath no friends—or if that name they own,
'Tis for his substance—when the shadow's gone!

His menials wait—and act their tutored part,—
But none may share the burden of his heart!
When sickness sinks him on the couch of woe,
No tender partner soothes affliction's throes:—
No heaven-sent pledges of connubial bliss
Weep o'er his bed, and give the parting kiss!
No prayer, unbought, shall wish his soul to rest—

He lived unenvied—and he dies unblest!
Resigns that being which he held in vain—
An useless link in Nature's social chain!
Something that dwindles into nought—a name
To be forgot,—or linked with barren shame.
Thus thinks Dylrook, while riches round him roll
With boundless charms—but charms without a soul!
He hath not known that dearest charm of life,
God's loveliest work—and last best gift—a wife!

Dylrook advances in the favour of Antonia's parents, but fails to erase in her bosom the image of her absent lover. Notwithstanding vile interruptions, a glowing epistle from Orlando reaches his mistress; and here we may learn the outward symptoms of pure passion,—she flies to "affection's grove" to peruse the glad tidings, but alas! "impatience of delight" is so overwhelming that "she cannot sit!" however, at last:

"Emotions o'er delay prevailing,
She bursts the bond of love with eager feeling—
And glancing tenderly o'er words of flame,
Kisses with ecstasy Orlando's name."

"That transport," like all others, is at last ended, and the most alarming

frenzy subsides, for we are informed of what the "sitting maid" finds in her epistle,—this is very common-place, very long, and very sweet.

At last, the story of Orlando's death is circulated,—the impending fate of a forced marriage with Dylrook seems unavoidable—every thing is prepared—the bridal day arrives, and yet Dylrook appears not, when the following dreadful tidings interrupt the preparations:—

"The Pest and Quarantine
Detain Dylrook in perilous distress!
Valetta mourns—beware whom ye embrace!"
A secret horror chilled parental pride—
Dispersed the guests—and saved the destined bride;
Suspended pleasure in the dread of pain,
While desolation urged his woful reign.
God of the just! and guardian of the free!
What scenes arise on anguished memory!
From streets depopulated—towns forlorn—
Nights red with ruin lighting in the morn!
From feeling's wreck—from Nature's mortal throes—
Where shall I turn—nor meet appalling woes!
Envenomed plague!—that terror of mankind,
Destroyed the social sympathies of mind,—
Subdued the proud—the humble heart distressed,
Bade joy be sad—and beauty be unblest!
Spread through the isle its overwhelming gloom,
And daily dug the nightly glutted tomb!
Men—women—babes—promiscuous, crowd the scene,
Till morning chase their bearers from the green!
Reflection sickens at the tragic tale,
Where lamentation's murmurs fed the gale—
Where every face betrayed the secret dread—
Who next will swell the number of the dead!
Self-preservation mutually began
To break the chain uniting man to man.
Commerce departed—strangers shunned the bay—
And gaunt starvation perished where he lay!"

The dreadful contagion spreads rapidly, and Antonia is left the only survivor of her family—even the habitation is destroyed by fire, to prevent infection:

"Unhappy orphan! where wilt thou repose
Thy houseless head from pestilential woes?
Thy father's mansion, ravished, dreary, lone—
Seems cold as death—when heaven's bright spark is gone.
Thy friends forsake thee in thy last distress,
Poor suffering child of angel loveliness!—
She seeks each dome where Welcome smiled before—
But Fear disowns her—Terror bars the door!"

The forlorn maiden flies to the sea-shore and madly precipitates herself into the waves; an African vessel, commanded by Moran, her rejected lover, lies at quarantine; whilst musing on his former hopes, he hears the fearful plunge:—

"See, see! a damsel struggling in the wave—
Stretch, Moran! stretch—the sinking beauty save!
Swift as the dolphin cleaves the billowy main
To catch the wing'd fish when it dips again—

So swift he glides—but as he nears the scene,
The vision vanishes, or hath it been?—
Illusion all—O heaven! it rises now—
And struggling sinks—help! dreamer, where art thou?
Doubt and belief his anguish'd sense oppress,
Conviction beams—he dives in wild distress:
Exerts his strength in fruitless search beneath
The darkling deep—till faintless mounts to breathe;
And while he gasps—from sorrow bubbling near
"Love" and "Orlando!" murmur on his ear—
One shriek he gives—and straining all his might,
Shoots to relieve—Antonia sinks in night:—
But as she sinks, her tresses loosely spread,
Float on the wave, and woo his saving aid!
One arm supports her with inspiring power,
While one in safety seeks the shelvy shore."

The vessel of Moran meets with an enemy, and a violent contest ensues between the Moors and Greeks; after defending his ship with desperation, Moran is mortally wounded, and dies with his hand locking in a convulsive grasp that of Antonia; the ship takes fire, and she, unable to disengage herself from the firm hold of the corpse, is seen and pitied by the generous enemy. It concludes thus:—

"Despairing grief each troubled face bespeaks—
But one more brave—the glory of the Greeks!
"She must not perish if my life can save!"
And plunged like lightning in the buoyant wave.
Applauding shouts his rapid course pursue—
And bright example stimulates a few:
The burning bark his breathless ardour gains,
Where death's dread hold the struggling maid detains—
But hope and strength surmounting all alarms,
She falls, with Moran,—in Orlando's arms!
Oh God! they sink, with throbbing transports weak,
But rise again, with agonizing shriek!—
Haste! haste, ye friends!—this moment haste—or never!—
The clinging corse is sinking them for ever!
Now, now they perish!—stretch! O stretch—
Cantore!
Thy sister lives!—Orlando's dread is o'er!
And Moran sinks to everlasting rest,
Leaving his conqueror with beauty blest."

(To be continued.)

A Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in Connection with the Modern Astronomy. By Thomas Chalmers, D. D. 8vo. pp. 276. 9th Ed. 1818.

In the work now before us, Dr. Chalmers evidently unites the character of a Christian minister with that of the thinking, if not the profound philosopher. That Dr. Chalmers is a better theologian than he is an astronomer, is evident, however, from the following passage, in his introductory sermon; which we take notice rather to check a popular though very erroneous idea, of what may be achieved by human

ingenuity, than as a fair specimen of the general character of the work:—

"Who shall assign a limit to the discoveries of future ages? Who can prescribe to science her boundaries, or restrain the active and insatiable curiosity of man within the circle of his present acquirements? We may guess, with plausibility, what we cannot anticipate with confidence. The day may yet be coming, when our instruments of observation shall be inconceivably more powerful. They may ascertain still more decisive points of resemblance. They may resolve the same question by the evidence of sense, which is now so abundantly convincing by the evidence of analogy. They may lay open to us the unquestionable vestiges of art and industry and intelligence. We may see summer throwing its green mantle over these mighty tracts, and we may see them left naked and colourless after the flush of vegetation has disappeared. In the progress of years or of centuries, we may trace the hand of cultivation spreading a new aspect over some portion of a planetary surface. Perhaps some large city, the metropolis of a mighty empire, may expand into a visible spot by the powers of some future telescope. Perhaps the glass of some observer, in a distant age, may enable him to construct the map of another world, and to lay down the surface of it in all its minute and topical varieties."

The proposition whence this inference is drawn, is evidently founded in error: that the telescope may be improved, and its magnifying powers very considerably increased, we are very ready to admit; but that it can ever be made to accomplish the task here assigned it, namely, the enabling its possessor to draw maps of the planets, or to enter into the minutiae of their natural history we most positively deny*. It will be found that there is a certain point by which the powers of science must be bounded; a point, which even the insatiable thirst for novelty, so inherent in the mind of man, cannot overstep.

In answer to the infidel objection, that man is too insignificant a being, to engross so much of the divine attention, as the system of revelation inculcates; and, likewise, to illustrate the wonderful power and greatness of God, Dr. C., in his third discourse, introduces both the telescope and microscope; the former instrument he considers as enlarging the boundaries of our knowledge, and unfolding to our conception

* In mechanics, it has long been an axiom, that what is gained in power is lost in time; and, in optics, it is a fact equally evident, though not so well known, that what is gained in extent, is lost in distinctness; or, that what ever tends to increase the size of the object, has an equal tendency to magnify the medium through which the object is viewed.

a new and almost inexhaustible field for wonder and admiration; and, as such, giving rise to the objection now under consideration; and the latter, as proving, that while no magnitude is too extensive for the omniscience of the divinity, no minuteness, however veiled from human perception, is beneath his all-seeing and benevolent regard:—

“Every addition to the powers of the one instrument, extends the limit of his visible dominions. But, by every addition to the powers of the other instrument, we see each part of them more crowded than before, with the wonders of his unwearying hand. The one is constantly widening the circle of his territory: the other is as constantly filling up its separate portions, with all that is rich and various and exquisite. In a word, by the one I am told that the Almighty is now at work in regions more distant than geometry has ever measured, and among worlds more manifold than numbers have ever reached. But, by the other, I am also told, that, with a mind to comprehend the whole, in the vast compass of its generality, He has also a mind to concentrate a close and a separate attention on each and on all of its particulars; and that the same God, who sends forth an upholding influence among the orbs and the movements of astronomy, can fill the recesses of every single atom with the intimacy of his presence, and travail, in all the greatness of his unimpaired attributes, upon every one spot and corner of the universe he has formed.

“They, therefore, who think that God will not put forth such a power, and such a goodness, and such a condescension, in behalf of this world, as are ascribed to him, in the New Testament, because he has so many other worlds to attend to, think of him as a man. They confine their view to the informations of the telescope, and forget altogether the informations of the other instrument: they only find room in their minds for his one attribute of a large and general superintendence, and keep out of their remembrance the equally impressive proofs we have for his other attribute of a minute and multiplied attention to all that diversity of operations, where it is he that worketh all in all.”

The fourth sermon treats of “the knowledge of man’s moral history in the distant places of creation;” and the fifth, which is intimately connected with the preceding, is, “on the sympathy, that is, felt for man, in those distant parts.”

“The informations of the Bible upon this subject, are of two sorts, that from which we confidently gather the fact, that the history of the redemption of our species is known in other and distant places of the creation, and that, from which we distinctly guess at the fact, that the redemption itself may stretch beyond the limits of the world we occupy.”

In illustrating the sympathy that is felt for man in the distant parts of crea-

tion, our author enters fully into the various degrees of benevolence, as shown by the professors of Christianity on earth, and then draws a parallel between human kindness and the all-perfect excellence of God, so strongly exemplified in the innumerable blessings daily showered on his creatures. Dr. C. concludes his fifth sermon with the following beautiful and striking observations:—

“I know not who of you have your names written in the book of life, nor can I tell if this be known to the angels which are in heaven. While in the land of living men, you are under the power and application of a remedy, which, if taken, as the gospel prescribes, will renovate the soul, and altogether prepare it for the bloom and the vigour of immortality. Wonder not, then, that with this principle of uncertainty in such full operation, ministers should feel for you; or angels should feel for you; or all the sensibilities of heaven should be awake upon the symptoms of your grace and reformation; or the eyes of those who stand upon the high eminences of the celestial world, should be so earnestly fixed on the every footstep and new evolution of your moral history. Such a consideration as this should do something more than silence the infidel objection. It should give a practical effect to the calls of repentance. How will it go to aggravate the whole guilt of our impenitency, should we stand out against the power and tenderness of these manifold applications, the voice of a beseeching God upon us, the word of salvation at our very door, the free offer of strength and of acceptance sounded in our hearing, the spirit in readiness with his agency to meet our every desire and every inquiry, angels beckoning us to their company, and the very first movements of our awakened conscience, drawing upon us all their regards and all their earnestness.”

The sixth sermon describes the nature, as far as is revealed in scripture, of our Saviour’s mission to earth; his various temptations and his subsequent victory over the tempter; it represents the fallen angels as still watching to entrap the souls of men: but it likewise shows that the divine agency which supported the saviour of mankind, will likewise support us if we diligently call upon him:—

“The Bible is always most full and most explanatory on those points of revelation in which men are personally interested. But it does, at times, offer a dim transparency through which may be caught a partial view of such designs and of such enterprises as are now afloat among the upper orders of intelligence. It tells us of a mighty struggle that is now going on for a moral ascendancy over the hearts of this world’s population. It tells us that our race were seduced from their allegiance to God, by the plotting sagacity of one who

stands pre-eminent against him, among the hosts of a very wide and extended rebellion. It tells us of the Captain of Salvation, who undertook to spoil him of this triumph; and throughout the whole of that magnificent train of prophecy which points to him, does it describe the work he had to do, as a conflict, in which strength was to be put forth, and painful suffering to be endured, and fury to be poured upon enemies, and principalities to be dethroned, and all those toils and dangers and difficulties to be borne, which strewn the path of perseverance that was to carry him to victory.

“But it is a contest of skill, as well as of strength and of influence. There is the earnest competition of angelic faculties embarked on this struggle of ascendancy. And while in the Bible there is recorded, (faintly and partially, we admit,) the deep and insidious policy that is practised on the one side, we are also told, that on the plan of our world’s restoration, there are lavished all the riches of an unsearchable wisdom upon the other. It would appear, that for the accomplishment of his purpose, the great enemy of God and of man plied his every calculation, and brought all the devices of his deep and settled malignity to bear upon our species; and thought, that could he involve us in sin, every attribute of the divinity stood pledged to the banishment of our race from beyond the limits of the empire of righteousness; and thus did he practise his invasions on the moral territory of the unfallen; and glorying in his success, did he fancy and feel that he had achieved a permanent separation between the God who sitteth in Heaven, and one at least of the planetary mansions which he had reared.”

The text which Dr. Chalmers has taken, for the last, and in many points of view, the most important of these sermons, is from Ezekiel, xxxiii, 32, which is admirably calculated to show the difference between the momentary elevation of mind, so frequently felt by the merely professing Christian, and the steady blaze of light that illumines and characterizes the true disciple of the meek and humble Jesus:—

“You easily understand how a taste for music is one thing, and a real submission to the influence of religion is another; how the ear may be regaled by the melody of sound, and the heart may utterly refuse the proper impression of the sense that is conveyed by it; how the sons and daughters of the world may, with their every affection devoted to its perishable vanities, inhale all the delights of enthusiasm, as they sit in crowded assemblage around the deep and solemn oratorio,—and, whether it be the humility of penitential feeling, or the rapture of grateful acknowledgment, or the sublime of a contemplative piety, or the aspiration of pure and of holy purposes, which breathes through the words of the performance, and gives to it all the spirit and all the expression by which it is

pervaded; it is a very possible thing, that the moral, and the rational, and the active man, may have given no entrance into his bosom for any of these sentiments; and yet, so overpowered may he be by the charm of the vocal conveyance, through which they are addressed to him, that he may be made to feel with such an emotion, and to weep with such a tenderness, and to kindle with such a transport, and to glow with such an elevation, as may, one and all, carry upon them the semblance of sacredness."

Our extracts have been already so copious, that our limits will scarcely admit of much being said in the form of criticism; and, as our observations will rather refer to the style than the substance of the work, we shall make them as brief as possible. Dr. Chalmers's command of words is inexhaustible, his thoughts are presented in every varying form, and a page is frequently occupied by what might have been said in a single line. This mode of *wire-drawing* a subject, (if we may allowed the expression,) though not observable in the pulpit, when aided by all the charms of an impressive and truly eloquent delivery, becomes the most disagreeable tautology, when brought to the test of sober criticism. But, though we do not feel disposed to render our unqualified praise to the style of this work, we should be much wanting in justice to its argumentative merits, were we to omit giving them our decided approbation, and strongly recommending these sermons, as a *whole*, to the general notice of our readers.

SUFFERINGS OF DRESS-MAKERS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I shall make no apology for offering to your notice the following remarks, being well convinced of your readiness, at all times, to lend your aid to the correction of abuses, however sanctioned by fashion or custom. I plead in behalf of a numerous class of helpless females, the victims of a tyranny but little known to the public, and least of all, probably, contemplated by those of higher rank, in whose cause they suffer. The hardships and privations experienced by the young women apprenticed or hired to dress-makers in this metropolis, so far exceed the sufferings of any other description of persons in this country, not excepting the parish poor, and scarcely even the inmates of our prisons, that I would fain hope, they need only to be pointed out to public notice, in order to be redressed. The lot of domestic servants is to be envied, in comparison with that of the persons to whom I now allude. I will take the liberty of mentioning a few examples that have come within my own knowledge, and from which the nature and extent of the evil may be judged of. These

I am prepared to authenticate in the fullest manner, if any one should be disposed to question the truth of the statement. I wish to avoid mentioning names, as it is not my intention to expose individuals, but to succour a most oppressed and defenceless part of the community. Exceptions, undoubtedly, may be found. I myself know many instances in which these young persons are treated with great kindness; their hours of labour moderate; their religious and moral conduct watched over; and as much of comfort extended to them, as is, perhaps, consistent with the present state of society in this great town. Nevertheless, these are but exceptions. The treatment experienced by the generality of young females, so employed, is cruel in the extreme, as will appear from the statement I am about to give.

The year, among dress-makers, is divided into seasons. The autumn and spring are the seasons of business; the former beginning in November, and ending in January; the latter, extending from March to July, the period when the chief part of the nobility and gentry leave town for their summer residences and excursions. Thus, nearly two-thirds of the year are fully occupied; the remainder is a state of comparative inactivity, during which, the greater number of persons thus engaged are dismissed, to sub-sist as they can till the ensuing season.

In almost all the houses of extensive business in the dress-making line, the day and night are apportioned in the following manner:—The young women rise either at six or seven o'clock, according as they may happen to go earlier or later to bed. They sit at work till eight or nine, when they spend about half an hour, at most, at breakfast. At dinner, which varies in different houses, from two to seven o'clock, as much time is allowed. And, at some later hour, they employ a short time in taking their tea. In most cases, this is the last meal allowed. After this, they continue to work, without intermission, till twelve or one o'clock in the morning—that is, when business is slack, as they call it; but, when orders are numerous and pressing, they are kept up till three or four in the morning, or even later, if necessary; and, not seldom in the course of the season, they sit up all night, and continue their labour on the following day. On one occasion, during the present season, they were only in bed eight hours altogether in three successive nights; but then, it was to execute an order for mourning! A wedding is to them not less disastrous. Upon one plea or another of this kind, and sometimes to gratify the wish of some capricious female of rank, who must have her order for a new dress executed at a few hours' notice, it may be fairly computed, that, upon an average, during the busy season, they sit at work eighteen out of every twenty-four hours. The sabbath, which to the labouring poor, and even to our beasts of burden, is a day of rest, here, often, brings no solace or intermission of labour with it. The work of Saturday night is protracted to a late hour on Sunday

morning; and, not unfrequently, the whole Sunday is thus occupied.

Such incessant labour, it might be supposed, would be rewarded with comforts in other respects: but they are sometimes as ill fed as they are hard worked. Will it be believed, that in some houses of this description, no provision is made for their young women on Sundays? Yet such I know to be the fact. They are expected to spend the day out, whether they have friends in town to receive them or not. I have known an instance of a young woman being thus compelled to pass the day between the hours of service in walking the streets till the return of evening; and with hardly the means of purchasing a scanty meal at the pastrycook's: for it is to be remembered, that the young persons of whom I am speaking are either apprentices, and in that capacity receive nothing as wages; or improvers, as they are called—that is, respectable young women from the country, who come to town for a season or longer, in order to gain a better knowledge of their business; and, instead of receiving any thing for their labour, actually pay a premium to the house in which they are admitted, and which they can often very ill afford!

The consequences of the treatment here described it is almost superfluous to mention. The health of the poor sufferer is silently but certainly undermined, and the foundation is laid for lingering consumption, which no art can afterwards relieve, and which, in too many instances, I have witnessed the fatal termination of. In a certain house with which I am acquainted, out of fourteen young women who began the present season in good health, four only at this time remain. The rest have all proved unequal to the task, and have been compelled to quit the service, most of them in an ill state of health, from which some will probably never recover. Nor does the body alone suffer. No time can be spared for mental improvement. Both religious and moral duties are neglected; and, under such trials, who can wonder if, in many instances, they fall early victims to seduction? The education and previous habits of these young creatures are such as to add double poignancy to their sufferings. A great portion of them are the children of respectable parents from the country; many the daughters of the inferior clergy, tenderly brought up by the fostering care of their relatives and friends, and ill calculated to bear the confinement and other hardships I have mentioned.

I perceive that I have trespassed too much on your valuable paper, but I trust the magnitude of the object will be an excuse.—I remain your's respectfully, C.

THE REV. DR. HALLORAN.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—My acknowledgments are due to you for your candour, in affording a place in your Journal to my letter of the 12th inst. And I request your further indul-

gence, while I offer a few comments on the observations conveyed in your subsequent note. The *specific* charge of crime alleged against me, and for which I am now suffering the sentence of the law, is that of having defrauded the Post-Office of *ten-pence*, by counterfeiting a frank. Has any other charge, I wish to ask you, been *proved* against me? And, if not, I need not surely suggest to you, "that accusation does not constitute criminality;" and, "that, according to a known maxim in equity, every man has a right to be presumed *innocent*, till his guilt has been fully and *legally* established." You do not, I conceive, intend to aver, that newspaper accusations are infallible criteria of the guilt of the accused, any more than I venture to allege testimonials of generally exemplary conduct as contradictions, though they certainly may be pleaded in alleviation, of a specific, and proved offence. That the embarrassments of my affairs have obliged me "to assume, on different occasions, the names of two of my nearest relatives," is a point I gratuitously concede to you; but that under those names I practised any imposture, I positively deny, as a gross and malicious calumny. On the contrary, I assert, without fear of refutation, that, in every place at which I resided under those names, I was as generally esteemed and respected by the parishioners and the neighbourhood, as any individual has usually been, who has moved in a similarly humble, though useful, walk of life as that in which I have been engaged." Of this fact I can adduce uncontrovertible vouchers. You say truly, "that specific crimes are the only subjects of *legal* inquiry;" and I must take leave to add, that until *legal* inquiry has substantiated the actual commission of those crimes, the animadversions of newspaper censors, (to apply to them no more offensive epithets) are, at least, premature and uncharitable. I have no hesitation in stating to you the name of the dissenting teacher*; though, as the anecdote may not be considered very creditable to his gratitude, I by no means wish to identify him to public observation: for, in many respects, I still think favourably of him. The name of the writer of the letter I am also to communicate to you; but, for obvious reasons, she is reluctant, unless from indispensable necessity, to be made a subject of newspaper notoriety.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
L. H. HALLORAN.

Infirmary, Newgate,
17th October, 1818.

THE SAME.

Men's evil actions are inscribed on brass;
Their virtues,—on the morning dew of grass!

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

Sir,—The case of this unfortunate gentleman, who is, at present, confined in

* The Rev. Isaac Purkis, Deptford.

Newgate, under sentence of transportation for seven years, on a charge of having counterfeited a frank, and of having thereby defrauded the Post Office of *ten-pence*, has excited, in no common degree, the sympathy and regret of the public. To the literary world he is not unknown, as an elegant scholar and a poet of considerable merit. And, as his character has been *anonymously*, and as *wantonly* as *cruelly*, attacked in the last number of your Journal, I beg to state, from my own personal knowledge, through the same medium, (as a further claim on his part to public consideration,) *two anecdotes*, selected from several of a similar kind, and for the authenticity of which I pledge myself to produce irrefragable proofs. As you have given a place to the most injurious insinuations against this unhappy gentleman, I confide in your equity and candour for an observance of the necessary maxim, "*Audi alteram partem*."

In the year 1809, while Doctor Halloran was Chaplain to the Forces at the Cape of Good Hope, the pay-master of a regiment stationed there, (the 72nd,) died insolvent, leaving a widow and three children in the deepest distress. Dr. Halloran, who had been a few months acquainted with the deceased, immediately received this afflicted family into his own house and supported them there many weeks, till he could obtain for them a free passage to England. Not content with this act of friendship, he set on foot a subscription for their benefit, which he commenced by a deposit of twenty guineas. In a few days, *six hundred pounds* were collected, and were paid to the widow, by Mr. Falcon, then deputy-paymaster to the forces in that colony.

The other anecdote is of more recent date, and of more extraordinary complexion.

A dissenting teacher, (in a parish of which Dr. Halloran was curate, in 1814, on a stipend of *thirty pounds* per annum) became deeply embarrassed, and was about to be arrested; Dr. Halloran heard of the circumstance, and though very slightly acquainted with the teacher, waited on his creditor, entreated him not to arrest him, (as being a man of blameless character, and having a young family,) and offered himself security for payment of the debt in a fortnight, which amounted to *sixty pounds*. This sum, Dr. Halloran procured within the given time, "*though not one shilling was subscribed by the flock of the dissenting teacher!*" The latter, shortly after, had a call to the neighbourhood of London, (where he now is,) and to enable him to depart with credit to his new engagement, Dr. Halloran lent him *thirty pounds*, which, in a few months, were honourably repaid. Since Dr. Halloran has been in prison, he has sent to solicit pecuniary assistance, in turn, from the dissenting teacher, who replied,—that were he to importune any of his flock on behalf of Dr. Halloran, their first inquiry would be, "*Is he an evangelical preacher?*" And that, therefore, he could not serve him. Dr. Halloran rejoined, "That if the bene-

ficence of the teacher and his friends were confined to persons of any particular sect or opinion, he would disdain to participate in it;" and he desired "that letter might close all correspondence between them."

A man, capable of such actions as these, cannot surely deserve the censures and imputations your correspondent has *more than insinuated* against him!

If you have any doubt of the truth of the facts stated, I will readily give you reference to the actual parties, and to twenty other respectable persons, who will attest them, on your addressing to me a requisition to that effect. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,
9, Dyer's Build., Holborn, A. C. B.
October 12, 1818.

THE SAME.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

Sir,—On perusing the article in your entertaining and instructive miscellany of the 17th inst. relative to the Rev. Dr. Halloran, now under sentence of transportation for having forged the frank of Sir W. Garrow, I was particularly struck by the strong, though, it must be confessed, very general, testimonial in favour of the unfortunate individual, which you have inserted, and purporting to be signed by "John Bridgman, M. D."

As the address of Dr. B. is given, and as every one who has any knowledge of Bridge Street, must have seen the name inscribed, in fair characters, upon the doctor's door, this testimonial wears a face of authenticity about it, which the rumours and suspicions induced by numerous reported events, have not usually given to any documents produced by Dr. Halloran.

Dr. Bridgman appears to be the person of all others the most likely to dispel those rumours and to allay those suspicions, from his "having been upon the *strictest terms of intimacy and friendship* with the Rev. Dr. Halloran, for a long series of years," (twenty-five years, as explained by the Rev. Doctor, in his letter to you) and Dr. Bridgman, therefore, will be best able to inform the public, whether his friend be really the man to whom a mass of imposture and deception has been attributed, or whether he be the much persecuted individual he represents himself to be.

Under the singular circumstances of this case, when two opposite feelings are at work in the public mind, the one as much in favour of the party, as the other is diametrically the reverse; the one compassionating him as an unfortunate and imprudent, but meritorious clergyman of the church of England, utterly ruined in character and prospects by a wanton and illiberal prosecution for depriving the revenue of the value of *ten-pence* only!—the other denouncing him as in the habitual practice of imposition and duplicity, alike disgraceful to him as a man, and to his (as it is said, *assumed*) office as a clergyman.

Under these circumstances, Sir, I can

scarcely presume that Dr. Bridgman, in his natural anxiety to rescue his friend's reputation from the suspicion now attached to it, (with what justice I do not pretend to decide,) will refuse to inform the public, whether this Rev. Dr. Lawrence Halloran be the same individual who, between the years 1807 and 1811, officiated as chaplain at the Cape of Good Hope, and was imprisoned there, under sentence of a Colonial Court of Justice, for grossly libelling the authorities of that settlement?

Whether the individual, now in Newgate, be the same Dr. Lawrence Halloran, who, in October 1811, transmitted, in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, requesting a general license from His Grace, "for exercising his clerical functions in Great Britain and her Colonies," &c., a certificate and testimonial from Dr. Ross, the then deceased Bishop of Exeter, of his ordination which, upon inquiry, proved to be spurious; for which a true bill of indictment for *forgery* was found against him, on the prosecution of the Archbishop, at the Lent Assizes of 1812, for the county of Surry, but who successfully evaded the endeavours of the police to apprehend him?

From the "terms of intimacy and friendship" in which Dr. B. has lived with Dr. Halloran, he will, of course, be able to clear his friend's fame from the strong imputation under which he labours, of having passed under several fictitious names, at various times and places, and to state whether there were any grounds for the designation of him as given on his trial, viz. "Lawrence Halloran, alias Blakeney, alias Lewis, alias Gregory?" Dr. B. will have no difficulty in ascertaining whether it was his friend who appeared at the office of the clerical agents in Wardrobe Court, Doctor's Commons, in the latter part of 1814, in a large *white wig*, and spoke with a *very strong voice*, describing himself as curate of Dursley, his name "Blakeney," and desiring to be furnished with another curacy; or, whether it was Dr. Halloran, who subsequently applied in person, in December, 1815, with a similar object, at the same office, and obtained the curacy of Warbleton, in Sussex, calling himself "Dr. Lewis," wearing his *own hair* and speaking in a *very low tone of voice*?

I take for granted that Dr. B. is not prepared to say there is any distinction between the prisoner and the person stating himself to be "W. C. Gregory," who applied, *by letter*, to the same office, in December, 1816, for a curacy, and who obtained that of Broseley, in Shropshire, of which living, the Rev. Dr. Forester, to whom the forged frank was addressed, was the incumbent; but, perhaps, Dr. B. will be able to clear Dr. H. from the prevalent belief, that the testimonial in his favour, inclosed in that forged frank, purported to be written by a dignitary of the church, *who never had an existence*; and he will, no doubt, feel himself bound to satisfy the anxious feeling which has been manifested upon the question, whether in fact Dr. Halloran was ever admitted into

holy orders, and if so, by whom? I have heard much of spurious letters of ordination, under different names, having been exhibited by Dr. H., and of copper-plates in his possession, to produce impressions for that purpose; and I do trust that a person, so well qualified to satisfy all doubts, as Dr. B. confessedly is, will condescend to inform the public, whether the attempts and insinuations which have recently and most industriously been made, in a variety of quarters, to excite universal sympathy and compassion in favour of this individual are worthy of attention; or whether, in fact, he does not now suffer for *one* of many, very many crimes and misdemeanors, in pleading guilty to which he has shown much tact, since he thereby avoided that exposure of his former life which he knew was inevitable.

I have to apologize to you, Sir, and to your readers, for the length to which this subject has carried me, and

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
22nd Oct. 1818. G. W. M.

OFFICE OF JUDGES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—At a time when the vacation of the office of Chief Justice is expected to take place, it may not be unacceptable to some of your intelligent readers to be informed, if they are not already in possession of the fact, that the appointment of a successor to fill that important public situation, is exercised by the King, and at his creation takes an oath, that he will serve the King, and indifferently minister justice to all men, without denying right to any; and this he shall not forbear to do, though the King, by his letters or express words, commands the contrary, and for which he is answerable in body, lands, and goods. Neither power or distinction of persons ought to bias the judgment of a Judge; and when King Henry the Fourth's eldest son, the prince, was, by the lord chief justice, committed to prison for a great misdemeanor, the King thanked God that he had a son of that obedience and a judge of that courage and impartiality. And it is adjudged treason to kill a Judge in his place administering justice; and for drawing a weapon only upon a Judge, in any of the courts of justice, the offender shall lose his right hand, forfeit his lands and goods, and suffer perpetual imprisonment. Bribery in Judges is punishable by loss of office, fine, and imprisonment, and the number of Judges may be increased or diminished by 18 Edw. 3.

Whenever this event takes effect, all, and especially those who are connected with the profession, will deeply regret the loss of so able and upright a judge as Lord Ellenborough, whose legal knowledge, impartial conduct, just administration, and pious mind, must ever be acknowledged, as not only adding additional lustre to the talents of his predecessors, Lords Mansfield and Kenyon, but will also gain to him esteem and admiration.

Oct. 22, 1818. Yours, &c. I. C.

BEN JONSON'S PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE?

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—A very extraordinary Portrait of Shakespeare is now in the possession of Dr. Hardie, of Manchester. The singular merit of this painting, which is finely drawn and coloured, and beaming with that expression and character which every man associates with our great poet, added to a resemblance closer to the best authorities we have in the monumental bust, and in the engraving in an early edition of his works, than any picture known, leaves little room to doubt of its authenticity: but the following description of the picture will, I think, entirely remove any thing of doubt that may remain upon the subject, and establish a conviction, on those who may have an opportunity of inspecting it, of its being the only genuine one of Shakespeare extant.

The size of the portrait is two feet eleven inches, by two feet three inches, and appears to have been finished, and to have occupied, as usual, the whole canvass; but it is evident that, subsequently to the picture's having been painted as a plain matter-of-fact portrait, an admirer of Shakespeare, who possessed it, had, after his death, altered the back-ground, in such a way as to enclose the head in a lozenge shield, which is suspended in the talons of an eagle, with the following lines, in free old English characters, upon the lozenge, immediately under the head:—

"Ye nutte browne haire, ye fronte serine
Thatte placide manthe, those smylinge eyne,
Doe soon bewraye my Shakespeare's meine."

And below that, on an Arabesque scroll, are the following:—

"His thunders lay'de aside, beholde
Jove's fav'rite birde, now uncontroulled,
Selecte ye gemme of humane race
And raise himme to th' Emphyreane space;
Fitte statione for his loftie soule
Whose piercing eye survey'd ye whole
Of Nature's vaste domayne,
Then on Imagination's aerie winge
Toe worldes unseene yth ardente soule cou'd
springe,
Deepe fraughte t'enrich ye nethere worlde
agaïne. B. J."

The initials, B. J., and the character of this fine poetic compliment, induce me to believe, that the picture has been *Ben Jonson's*; and, that the alteration of the picture, to honour his deceased friend, was made under his direction. The compliment has been painted by a very inferior hand; and if its authenticity rested on no other foundation than a traditionary interval between the first painting and the alteration, little doubt could be left of the genuineness of the picture, independent of the idea of its having belonged to Ben Jonson. But the beauty of the poetry, the character, and state of the writing of the period, the circumstance of the friendship which subsisted between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; the expression, *my Shakespeare*, by a poet, with the initials B. J., are coincidences so strong and evident, that they confirm the authenticity of a por-

trait, which we should value as associated with that genius, the extent of whose influence, unlimited by age or country, has immortalized his own.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
WM. BROCKEDON.

Manchester, Oct. 26.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"O Walter, tho' folks doubt it now and then,
The dark suspicion still returns to thee;
Say what you will, there are not many men
Would be so shy of owning Waverley!"
*Mud Banker of Amsterdam,
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The above lines, perhaps, perfectly co-incide with the sentiments of nearly all the readers of the above-mentioned work. That there are not many men

"Would be so shy of owning Waverley" does not admit of the least doubt. The first novel-writer we have would not be ashamed to wear the honours belonging to the author of that work. The public have been long in doubt as to who claims that honour, and various have been the opinions expressed upon the subject; but, I believe, the best mode of deciding the question will be, to examine into the affinity which appears between the poems of Scott, and the novels which have been generally attributed to that popular writer.

In my opinion, the only question to be decided is, whether "Guy Mannering" and the other novels of the same author are written by Walter Scott, as I have very few doubts of the relationship of those works to the "Tales of my Landlord."

Scott is certainly the most original of the living poets; and in that originality part of his fame is founded; the novels of Rob Roy, Waverley, &c. are nearly as original as his poetical works. The same spirit of chivalry which is so perceptible in James Fitz-James, Roderick Dhu, and Marmion, is equally apparent in Fergus M'Ivor, Rob Roy, &c.

Lord Byron has said, Marmion is exactly what William of Deloraine (Lay of the last Minstrel), would have been, had he been able to read and write; but if his lordship had written on the subject since the novels have been published, he might, with more truth, have said that Rob Roy is, in the same sense, the exact counterpart of Roderick Dhu,—of course allowing for the different periods at which they are supposed to have lived.

The opportunities Mr. Scott has had for learning the traditions of his country are not to be equalled by any author in the kingdom, and the same historical truth and local fiction appear in an equal degree in the novels and poems, and I have no hesitation in saying, (considering the difference between prose and verse,) that the battles of Bannockburn and Flodden Field are narrated precisely the same as those of Bothwell Brigg and Preston Pans.

The extensive notes to the poems are written nearly in the same style as the

novels; and the poetry which is interspersed through them (the novels) bears an exact affinity to that of Walter Scott: and this appears in a greater degree in the "Lines on the Death of the Black Prince" in Rob Roy, beginning

"O! for the voice of that wild horn
By Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come;
Which told imperial Charlemagne
How paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his country's doom."

This is precisely the language of Scott. It has been said, that his poems appeared in too quick succession; it seems he is conscious of it himself, as he has not published any thing of that kind lately. He is perhaps afraid the same may be said of his novels, and he has, therefore, adopted the expedient of bringing them out under different faces; but still I am inclined to think, he has not allowed himself time for preparing the second series of the "Tales of my Landlord," and I think there is a "falling off" in the last Tales compared to those of the first. The story might, with more propriety, have been contained in three volumes instead of four, thus leaving out the useless and improbable matter which occupies nearly the whole of the last volume.

S. G. C.—D.

10th Sept. 1818.

ANAGRAMS EXTRAORDINARY.

Dixeris, egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.

Hor. Ars. Poet.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—When I wrote my former letter, (which you have had the kindness to insert to-day,) on the subject of Anagrams, I omitted to notice a remark, which I recollect somewhere to have read, that there are few words or names, which may not be transposed, by this species of metamorphosis, into others of an analagous import. Anxious to try the justice of this curious assertion, I lately "bestowed some idle hours," (to borrow Camden's quaint phraseology,) in "distilling my wits herein." The words and names which I selected for the purpose, were such as occurred most readily to my mind, in connection with the present illustrious cause of reform, and were, therefore, merely taken at random. You will see, by the following catalogue, how I have succeeded, and, I doubt not, will be as greatly surprized as myself to discover so good a foundation for the singular remark, to which I have above alluded. For, that the anagrams, which I am about to transcribe, contain "a perfect sense, applyable" to their originals, according to Camden's definition, is, I think, remarkably conspicuous to any one that has devoted the least attention to the subject with which they are connected. In one or two instances, it will be seen, the original words have furnished more than one anagram, yet all, I flatter myself, most

happily applicable. But here they are,—let your readers judge for themselves:—

Radical reform.	Rare mad frolic.
Universal suffrage.	Guess a fearful ruin.
Annual parliament.	I am an unreal plant*.
Sir Francis Burdett.	{ First brand, curse it.
	{ First scrub in trade.
	{ Tutor fire brands, nice brats!
Sir Francis Burdett, Baronet.	{ Brand-bearers, cut not I first.
	{ Bear first brunt, dear Tocsin.
Thomas Lord Cochrane.	Cold cheats mar honour.
Sir Thomas Cochrane.	Rich cheats mar soon.
Major Cartwright.	{ O, raw tragic mirth†.
	{ I mar tragic worth.
Sir Robert Wilson.	Strew no broil, sir
Douglas Kinnaird.	Undo a king's laird.
Michael Bruce.	I club, cheer me.
Orator Henry Hunt.	{ No one truth, Harry.
	{ Roar on, try the Hun.
	{ Act well, mob, I bit.
William Cobbett.	{ I'll be at it, mob, W. C.
John Gale Jones.	See John in gaol.

I might add some notes in vindication of the propriety of the preceding transpositions; but I cannot satisfy myself that they would be precisely consistent with the nature and object of your Journal, which has been, perhaps, already sufficiently occupied with the subject. I will, therefore, merely add another anagram, which has been suggested by the first article in your number of this day, and which may tend still farther to illustrate the justice of the observation, with which I set out:—

James Macpherson. Peach me, Mr. Ossian.
Sept. 19, 1818. ORDOVEX,

ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—It is with a grateful anticipation of future instruction and amusement, that I open your pages every Saturday morning; and with equal pleasure do I, after an attentive perusal, sit down to address myself to you, whether I seek instruction from others or presume to offer it myself. I will, however, take leave to add, and having added it, I will dismiss it at once from my mind and my paper, that had your Correspondent J— been somewhat more courteous in his answer, I should have felt more pleasure in my reply.

The letters of your Correspondents, J— and Ordovex, led and still lead me, perhaps erroneously, to conceive, that the

* "Annual Parliaments" may also be transposed into "a lamp snare, annul it," which to those who recollect the "à la lanterne" operations in the early part of the French revolution, may not appear wholly irrelevant.

† "The venerable major" must pardon me, if in these two anagrams I perceive a strong allusion to the tragi-comic part which he has played in the cause of reform for so many years. No doubt, he has been altogether in earnest; but, when a man assumes at once the characters of a mountebank and statesman, one cannot but exclaim, with the poet, "Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?"

true meaning of the words, "a continuance by prorogation or adjournment," had escaped their notice. To remove such supposed error was the only object of my last communication on the subject; but as your Correspondent J— is desirous of knowing the grounds of my conclusion, I willingly state them.

The 4th of Ed. III. and the 36th of the same king, the statutes to which I first referred, direct that Parliaments be *holden* once a-year, or oftener if need be; now it is observable that the former was passed in a *new Parliament*, the latter in a *new session*. The style of the former is "at a Parliament *summoned*;" of the latter, "at a Parliament *holden*." This distinction is not usually kept up; and it were singular enough, if our legislators of those days made this marked distinction as to the terms applicable to a new Parliament and a new session, in the commencement of the very same roll of statutes, in the body of which they intended to apply one and the same term, to describe both!

The next act, the 16th of Chas. I. appears, by the title, to have for its object, the prevention of the inconveniences arising from "the long intermission;" by the preamble, the prevention of the inconveniences arising from "the not holding" of Parliaments once a-year, at the least. That these may be consistent, they must be applicable to the same evil, and the *not holding* referable to the *intermission of sitting*.

The 16th of Chas. II. recites, that Parliaments are to be "*held very often*" and at the same time regulates only the *sitting*.

The 6th & 7th of W. & M. recites, that by "the ancient laws *frequent* Parliaments ought to be held," and adds, as a reason for its enactments, that "frequent and *new* Parliaments tend very much to the happy union and good agreement of the king and people;" thus distinguishing between holding *frequent* Parliaments, according to the ancient laws, and holding *frequent and new* Parliaments as by that statute directed.

Such are, amongst others, the reasons which led me to the conclusion I drew, on my first communication. To me they still appear convincing; "et si non prosunt singula, juncta juvant."

I leave them to your readers, and subscribe myself your obliged and obedient servant,
I C TUS.

THE BLUE PILL.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The liver is an organ which, of late years, seems to have been regarded by many of our London practitioners as placed in the body for the purpose of annoyance and discomfort, instead of being, as I doubt not nature intended, a most valuable and essential apparatus in the process of digestion. Under this (I presume to believe) mistaken view of the subject, the different preparations of mercury, and especially THE BLUE PILL, have been administered in almost every description of disease, on the ground that the liver is the primary source of the

complaint. The mischief resulting from this practice has probably been as great as it is extensive. A friend of mine has written the enclosed lines in ridicule of this injurious fashion; and, if not incompatible with the plan of your publication, perhaps you will contribute your endeavours (by giving it publicity through the medium of your Journal,) to lessen the crying evil.—I am, &c. P.

(Extract of a Letter of Advice from Dr. —, of London, to a Young Practitioner in the Country.)

ALL medical learning, professional skill,
Depend on the knack in prescribing BLUE PILL;

For, in whatever part of the frame is the ill,
The liver's in fault; you must order BLUE PILL.

You may join it with foxglove, or join it with squill,

The only effective ingredient 's BLUE PILL.

The liver is torpid, the bile is bad, till
You change the secretion by dose of BLUE PILL;

Bile—white, brown, or black,—no difference! still

It must all beset right by the famous BLUE PILL;

Whether raging with fever, or shivering with chill,

Your Chylopoietics must fight with BLUE PILL.
From your eyes, from your nose, should water distil,

'Tis the bile that's defective! so down goes BLUE PILL:

If you sneeze, if you cough, if you do what you will,

You are bilious pronounced, and are worked with BLUE PILL:

No peppermint water, no water of dill,
For wind can gain credit, against the BLUE PILL;

Thyme, marjoram, rue, you need not distil,
Their virtue's concentrated and fixed in BLUE PILL.

To line their own pockets, the doctors must fill

Their patients' intestines with mighty BLUE PILL;

'Gainst your reason, your judgment, e'en 'gainst your own will,

Your doctor persuades you to take the BLUE PILL;

He swears that your cure he thus will fulfil—
Open-mouthed, you believe him, and down goes BLUE PILL.

Oh! it gladdens my heart, and makes my nerves thrill,

To think of the cures that are made by BLUE PILL;

This truth in your mind let me ever instil—
Your fortune is made, if you manage BLUE PILL.

I should worry myself, and wear out my quill,
To describe half the charms of the wondrous BLUE PILL;

By experience, by study, by whatever you will,

You'll be reckoned a fool if you give not BLUE PILL;

By it, though your patients you afterwards kill,

You've the present advantage!—so stick to BLUE PILL;

Should your patient survive! well pleased with your skill,

He will trumpet your fame, and the fame of BLUE PILL;

For the doctors will bring the best grist to the mill,
Who prescribe, with least mercy, the mighty BLUE PILL!

THE DOUBLE FLAGEOLET.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—As it appears that you do your utmost to promote the arts and sciences, by giving publicity, through the medium of the Literary Journal, to every new invention, &c. &c. I am induced to send you a few particulars respecting the Double Flageolet.

About 18 years ago, Mr. Bainbridge took out a patent for an improved flageolet, which required no *pinched notes*.* In consequence of the delicacy of the tone, and the simple method of fingering, it became very popular, and ladies, as well as gentlemen, performed on it. In 1805, Mr. Parry played duetts on two of the Patent Flageolets, by fixing them in a frame; in 1806, he performed *trios* on three, which had a most beautiful effect. To render the instrument more manageable, Mr. Bainbridge made two in a walking stick, but he could not secure a good tone; he then joined two of his single flageolets together, but only used one mouth-piece: he found, however, that it was but a confined instrument, and not capable of producing much variety.—After trying a thousand experiments, he at length made a very superior Double Flageolet, by joining a complete Single Flageolet to another of his *own invention*, consisting of four holes and three keys, by which means about twenty chromatic notes might be produced with one hand. Books of instruction were written by Mr. Parry and Mr. Bainbridge, and the Double Flageolet became quite the rage; thousands were made, and sent to all quarters of the globe. The late ever-to-be-lamented Princess Charlotte was particularly delighted with it, and so were the illustrious strangers who visited England in 1814.

Of late, Mr. Bainbridge has made great improvement on this sweet little instrument, by adding a chromatic and another key, whereby duetts may be played in *fourteen* different major and minor keys†. The compass is from D below the lines to G in altissimo. The rapidity with which Mr. Parry performed some difficult passages, the other evening, at a private concert, both astonished and delighted the company. Mr. B. has nearly completed a *bass joint* which he means to add to the Double Flageolet, so that our most favorite compositions may be played in three distinct parts by one person.

This invention being a credit to old England, will, I hope, find a supporter in the Literary Journal, which has the best wishes of

A SEMIQUAVER.
Crotchet Lodge, Oct. 19, 1818.

* The back hole of the old English and French Flageolets were obliged to be *pinched*, or half covered with the thumb nail, for the high notes.

† Vide the Aviary, lately published.

BALANCE OF THE POETS.

(From MS. Papers of Dr. Calder.)

M. DE PILES has added to the judicious Treatise on the Art of Painting, a very curious paper, which he calls "The Balance of the Painters." He divides the whole "Art of Painting" into four heads; 1st. *Composition*; 2nd. *Design* or *Drawing*; 3rd. *Colouring*; and 4th. *Expression*; under each of which he assigns the degree of perfection which the several masters have attained. To this end, he first settles the degree of sovereign perfection, which has never been attained, and which is beyond even the taste or knowledge of the best critics, at present. This he rates at the twentieth degree. The nineteenth degree is the highest of which the human mind has any comprehension; and which has not yet been expressed or executed by the greatest masters. The eighteenth is that to which the greatest masters have actually attained, and so downwards, according to their comparative genius and skill. M. de Piles makes four columns of his four chief articles or parts of painting, and opposite to the names of the great masters, writes their several degrees of perfection in each article. The thought is very ingenious; and had it been executed with accuracy, and a just rigour of taste, would have been of the greatest use to the lovers of that noble art. But we can hardly expect any man should be exactly right in his judgment, through such a multiplicity of the most delicate ideas. I have wished to see a balance of this kind, that might help to settle our comparative esteem of the greater poets in the several polite languages; but as I have never seen or heard of any such design, I have here attempted it myself, according to the best information which my private taste could afford me. I shall be extremely glad if any ingenious person will correct me where I am wrong: and, in the mean time, shall explain the general foundations of my scheme, where it differs from that of the French author; for he has not taken in a sufficient number of articles to form a complete judgment of the "Art of Painting;" and, though he had, yet "Poetry" requires many more. I shall retain the number, and suppose twenty to be the degree of absolute perfection, and eighteen the highest that any poet has attained. The first article is *composition*, in which his *balance* is quite equivocal and uncertain. For there are in painting two sorts of composition entirely different from each

other. One relates only to the *eye*, the other to the passions; so that the former may not improperly be stiled *picturesque composition*, and is concerned only to such a disposition of the *figures*, as may render the whole group of the picture entire and well united. The latter is concerned in such attitudes and connections of the figures as may effectually touch the passions of the spectator. There are in "poetry" two analogous kinds of *composition* or *ordonnance*; one of which belongs to the general plan or structure of the work, and is the object of the cool judgment of a connoisseur; the other relates to the most striking situations, and the most moving incidents; and though these are most strictly connected in truth and in the principles of the art, yet, in fact, we see them very frequently disjoined, and they depend, indeed, on different powers of the mind. Sir Richard Blackmore, a name for contempt or for oblivion, in the commonwealth of poetry, had more of the former than Shakespeare, who had more of the latter than any man that ever lived. The former we shall call *critical ordonnance*, the latter, *pathetic ordonnance*; and these make the two first columns of our *balance*. It may, perhaps, be necessary to observe, that though, literally speaking, these two articles relate only to *epic* and *dramatic poetry*, yet we shall apply them to every other species. For, in lyric poetry, in *satire*, in *comedy*, in the *ethic epistles*, one author may excel another in the general plan and disposition of his work, and yet fall short of him in the *arguments*, *allusions*, and other circumstances, which he employs to move his reader, and to obtain the end of his particular composition. Our next article answers to that which M. De Piles calls expression; but this, likewise, in "poetry," requires two columns. "Painting" represents only a single instant of time; consequently, it expresses only a present passion, without giving any idea of the general character or turn of mind. But "poetry expresses this part as well as the other; and the same poet is not equally excellent in both. Homer far surpasses Virgil in the general delineations of characters and manners; but there are in Virgil some expressions of particular passions greatly superior to any in Homer. I shall therefore divide this head of "expression," and call the former part "dramatic expression," and the latter "incidental expression." Our next article answers to what the painters call design, or the purity, beauty, and grandeur of the outline in drawing, to which the taste of beauty in description, and

the truth of expression, are analogous in poetry. But as the term design, except among painters, is generally supposed to mean the general contrivance and plan of a work, I shall omit it, to prevent mistakes, and substitute instead of it, the *truth of taste*, by which to distinguish the fifth column. And, indeed, this article would likewise admit of several subdivisions; for some poets are excellent for the grandeur of their taste, others for its beauty, and others for a kind of neatness; but they may all be ranged under the same head; as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Poussin, are all characterized from their design. The *truth of taste* will, *ceteris paribus*, belong to the first in the highest degree; but, we must always remember, that there can be no greatness without justness and decorum; which is the reason that Raphael is counted higher in design than Michael Angelo; for, though the latter had a grander and more masculine taste, yet Raphael, with a truly grand one, was incomparably more correct and true. It is not easy to assign the part of "poetry" which answers to the colouring of a "painter." A very good judge of "Painting," (Du Fresnoy) calls the colouring the procuress of her sister, Design; who gains admirers for her, that otherwise might not, perhaps, be captivated with her charms. If we trace this idea through "poetry," we shall, perhaps, determine poetical colouring to be such a general choice of words, such an order of grammatical construction, and such a movement and turn of the verse, as is most favourable to the poet's intention, distinct from the ideas which those words convey. For, whoever has reflected much on the pleasure which poetry communicates, will recollect many words, which, taken singly, excite very similar ideas, but which have very different effects, according to their situation and connection in a period: it is impossible to read Virgil, but especially Milton, without making this observation a many times. The sixth column of the Balance shall, therefore, be named from this poetical colouring. As for versification, its greatest merit is already provided for by the last article; but, as it would seem strange to many should we entirely omit it, the seventh column shall, therefore, be allotted to it, as far as it relates to the mere harmony of sound. The eighth article belongs to the moral of the several poets, or to the truth and merit of the sentiments which they express, or the dispositions which they inculcate, with respect to religion, civil society, or private life. The reader must not be surprised, if he finds

the heathen poets not so much degraded as he might expect, in this particular; for, though their representations of Divine Providence be so absurd and shocking, yet this article is intended to characterize the comparative goodness of their moral intention, and not the comparative soundness of their speculative opinions. The ninth and last column contains an estimate of their comparative value and eminence upon the whole. This is wanting in the French author. The degrees of perfection which he assigns to Rubens, make up a sum, when the four articles are added to each other, exactly equal to what he calculates for Raphael; so that one, not greatly versed in the study of pictures, might imagine from thence, that Rubens was as great a painter as Raphael. This general estimate is also more necessary in the present scheme, as some of the articles, particularly that of ordonnance, are applied equally to every species of poetry; so that a satirist will be rated as high in that article as an epic poet, provided his ordonnance be as perfect for satire as that of the others is for heroic poetry, upon this account. Justice to the manners of the divine poets requires that we should acknowledge their pre-eminence on the whole, after having thus set their inferiors upon a level with them in particular parts.

THE BALANCE OF THE POETS.

	Critical Ordonance.	Pathetic Ordonance.	Dramatic Expression.	Incidental Expression.	Taste.	Colouring.	Versification.	Moral.	Final Estimate.
Ariosto	18	15	10	15	14	15	16	10	13
Boileau	18	16	12	14	17	14	13	16	12
Cervantes	17	17	15	17	12	16	—	16	14
Corneille	15	16	16	16	16	14	12	16	14
Dante	12	15	8	17	12	15	14	14	13
Euripides	15	16	14	17	13	14	—	15	12
Homer	18	17	18	15	16	16	18	17	18
Horace	12	12	10	16	17	17	16	14	13
Lucretius	14	5	—	17	17	14	16	—	10
Milton	17	15	15	17	18	18	17	18	17
Molière	15	17	17	17	15	16	—	16	14
Pindar	10	10	—	17	17	16	—	17	13
Pope	16	17	12	17	16	15	15	17	13
Racine	17	16	15	15	17	13	12	15	13
Shakspeare	—	18	18	18	10	17	10	18	18
Sophocles	18	16	15	15	16	14	—	16	13
Spencer	8	15	10	16	17	17	17	17	14
Tasso	17	14	14	13	12	13	16	13	12
Terence	18	12	10	12	17	14	—	16	10
Virgil	17	16	10	17	18	17	17	17	16

T. W. K.

ON COINS.

COLLECTORS of coins should pay a particular attention to the vast variety of coins

that we have of Constantius, with the legend of FEL. TEMP. REPARATIO, and not despise them on account of their multitude; because, 'tis very probable, that they may find amongst them the coins of another Constantius, besides F. L. JUL. Constantius, (whose coins are not rare,) with the very same inscription; and that is of Constantius Gallus, brother of Julian, the apostate, and cousin-german of the other Constantius. This recommendation of notice and attention is the more seasonable, because the coins of Constantius Gallus, who was beheaded for his wickedness in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and in the fourth year after he had been made Cæsar, are some of the scarcest coins in all the Roman series. The difficulty, in this vast variety, to distinguish the one from the other, is considerable; as little, if any, assistance, in some cases, can be had from the legends upon them, especially if the letters should not be very legible, and but hardly visible. But the face upon the coin will easily ascertain to which of the two Constantiuses it is to be ascribed. Constantius Gallus was much more comely and beautiful than his cousin-german, and there is always a star before his face and a globe in his hand.

I remember, says the writer from whom this memorandum is taken, (viz. Mr. Hearne,) that a foreign gentleman, who made the numismatic study his profession, took a journey to Oxford some years ago, on purpose to examine the cabinets in that university, for coins of this Constantius Gallus, well knowing that the words of Savotus are very true, and to be relied on. Leland's Collect., vol. v., 280 p. "Constantii Galli, Constantine [Galli uxoris.] Desideris Vetrantonis, Nepotiani, and Silvani Nummi cujusvis materiæ adeosunt rari ut vix quidem reperiantur." Ludovici Savoti "Deraris et Comunibus Impp. Rom. Numis Judicium.—A Julio Cæsare—ad Heraclium," from p. 271 to 282.

This also must be said for common coins, that they are as useful in chronology as those that are scarce, especially when they are found in urns. The Romans, at their funeral obsequies, when the body was burnt to ashes, deposited them in an earthen pot, with a piece of coin of the Emperor under whom they died, and so buried them in the ground. The coins, therefore, found in urns, ascertain the times of the departure of the deceased, and furnish moreover an argument for the antiquity of the place where such and such emperor's coins, in whose times it was finished, to preserve the memory and fame thereof.

So, if there be any chronological notes on the coins, as there are abundance of such on such as are Roman; or the very year when the persons died, or the buildings when erected, may be learned with certainty, a sufficient inducement to engage the students in this way to pay a strict attention to them. Hence, says Mr. Hearne, it is not without reason, that in some parts of England, more by the acre is given for land that lies near any old Roman town or station, &c. of remarkable

eminence, or where ancient works either Danish, Saxon, or Norman were, in hopes of some lucky chance for coins and other antiquities, than for land, better, but remote from such places.

For, it was likewise customary for the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, to strew medals and coins under their buildings, monuments, and public works, after the Roman power ceased and was utterly abolished in Britain.

"Paul II caused great store of golden and other medals and coins, stamped with his effigies, to be strewed under the foundations of his buildings."—*More Veterum.* Mr. Hearne's Preface to a Collection of Curious Discourses, written by Eminent Antiquaries, on several heads in our English Antiquities, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1771.—Page xxii. &c.

"Ludovia Savoti Galliarum Regis Medici De raris et communibus Impp. Romanorum Numis Judicium," well worthy of peculiar attention. "Interprete et Abbreviatore Patricio Junio." In Leland's Collectanea, &c.—Ed. altera, vol. v., p. 238., and —. T. W. K.

IMITATION TEA.

(Concluded from p. 201*.)

THE nefarious practice of selling poisonous substitutes for tea, which was first discovered in London, has not only extended throughout the country, but also to Scotland and Ireland; in the latter, "the genius of the Emerald Isle" has been particularly fertile in finding substitutes for the Chinese plant, and seizures have been made of large quantities of the spurious articles in Dublin, Cork, Clonmell, Tullow, Kilkenny, &c. At Kilmardine mountain, situate in the parish of Tallaght, county of Dublin, a petty farmer, of the name of John M'Dermott, with two Englishmen, (who absconded,) have, for some months, perhaps, it might, with greater truth, be stated, for a longer period, been actively employed in the manufacture of tea for some of the Dublin grocers, from the following materials:—

Black and Deadly Nightshade—(Poison.)
Ivy Leaves—(Poison, when taken in large quantities).

Boughlan Buy—(Ditto, ditto).

Robin-run-the-hedge—(one of the most severe purgatives among our indigenous plants).

Mountain Sage—(rather conducive to health).

Two descriptions of Alder leaves—(very bad).

Potatoe leaves, when in season—(ditto).

These were curled by a vitriolic preparation, and coloured, for Green Tea, with verdigris—for Black Tea with copperas.

A large quantity was seized on the spot, and conveyed to the Custom-house.

It is not, however, to tea only that the system of adulteration is confined; as will

* No 13. See the engraved figures of the Sloe and Tea plants.—ED.

appear from the following account, copied from a Cork paper of the 17th ult. :—

"The person by whose information the seizure of the tea was on Monday made in the North Main-street, was himself the manufacturer of it, and he has, as we anticipated in our last, given a clue to the discovery of frauds of greater magnitude. He has informed against *nine* grocers of this city, having sold to them, at different times, his *imitations*, of which we give a list and description at the end of this paragraph. He had, we understand, a depot for the manufacture in Kerry, and used to travel, vending his wares to all parts of the kingdom. It appears that he disposed of a ton of spurious tea, and a ton and a half of pepper, yearly. We have no doubt that his discoveries will be of some importance. He is, however, not the only man in the trade, as he had two partners in the concern; a disagreement with whom (arising out of real love), was the cause of his giving information.

TEA—Is manufactured from alder leaves, by being put into a heap until they heat, then exposed to the sun, and, when half dried, it is rubbed by the hands and riddled. When tea is made of sloe leaves, they are boiled, placed in the sun, on tin or copper plates, and dried with copperas.

MUSTARD—Is made by adding 7lb. of coarse flour to two stone weight of real mustard.

GINGER—Is made by adding 1½lb. of yellow ochre to 4lb. of real ginger.

GROUND PEPPER—Is made of rapeseed cake, ground after the oil is extracted.

WHOLE PEPPER—Is made with coarse flour, called seconds; it is made half wet, and rubbed between the hands, passed through a sieve, and dried in an oven, and mixed with real pepper.

INDIGO—Is made with common slate blue and real indigo put into a linen bag and let lie in water about 12 hours, then spread in the sun, and when dry it will crack, and is then dusted with real Spanish indigo, to give it a good colour."

In Kilkenny, a quantity of ground rapeseed, which had been mixed with a small portion of pepper, and was intended to be sold for the latter article, was seized.

Of all the articles thus adulterated, there is none, however, so much in use as tea, and although, in former numbers of this work*, we gave an engraving of the tea and sloe, which, with the directions for detecting the spurious tea, were, we believe, very acceptable to our readers, yet we are induced to recur to the subject, from having recently met with a small pamphlet†, printed about thirty years ago, which possesses much useful information, in describing the different sorts of tea, and some instructions for detecting the counterfeit, or as it is now called, imitation tea. From this work we make the following extracts :—

OF BLACK TEA.

BOHEA is the lowest quality of the black

teas, and is divided into three distinct titles or denominations, viz. ordinary, middling, and good Bohea. In general, Bohea tea, in respect of its appearance, is composed of very large and small leaves, with a great quantity so small as to resemble dust. Its colour is of a dirty dark brown, rather tinged with a slight green. The large leaves appear as if two or three were stuck together; it is also attended with a number of berries and stalks. The smell is fresh, but has a faintness, and by some compared to the smell of dried hay. When put in water, it produces a colour of the deepest tincture, nearly to that of mahogany; a colour much disliked by all judges of tea.

CONGOU.—The next quality of black tea to Bohea, though infinitely better, is Congou. It has a greater variety of qualities than the Bohea, is composed of a long slender leaf, and of a considerably blacker appearance. Its smell, in the inferior quality, is very trifling, but in the best sort, very fragrant.

The superior sort of Congou tea is of a small greyish leaf. The different qualities, as known by the tea-trade, are as follow: small greyish leaf, greyish leaf, pale greyish leaf, blackish leaf, brownish leaf, which latter is of the Bohea flavour.

The appearance of good Congou, when put into water, should produce a colour resembling pale amber; it is often mixed with Bohea, when it produces a high colour, and the taste of the Bohea always predominates.

SOUCHONG.—The appearance of the face of this tea is very much like the preceding; nearly black, but generally with a greyish cast; the leaves are long or slender, but with a crispness that is not to be met with in any other quality; upon putting a little in the mouth, it causes an agreeable roughness; the smell is very sweet, notwithstanding it causes a sensation as of an agreeable acid: in water, it produces a liquor of a lighter amber colour than that produced by the Congou. Souchong and Congou are, in many respects so like each other, that often a good Congou is sold for Souchong, and a low Souchong for good Congou. The denominations of Souchong are, the greyish leaf, the small greyish leaf, and the blackish leaf. The jet black leaf is not allowed to be good.

PEKOE TEA is the superior quality of black tea, the value of which is well-known to the tea-dealers, as a small quantity only, being put into inferior teas, will give them an agreeable flavour. The appearance of this tea to the sight is almost a jet black, having long and small leaves, but which have the appearance of being mossy or hairy, and the ends tipped with white, which, when in a body, has the resemblance as if some fine saw-dust had accidentally fallen amongst it; it has a most delicate and pleasant smell, yet rather faint, and not unlike cowslips; when in water, it produces a pale liquid, as Souchong and Congou. This tea is not agreeable to many palates of itself, but to improve other teas is of inestimable value.

GREEN TEAS.

The ordinary green tea, in appearance,

is very coarse, and of a light whitish yellow; it has very little freshness in the smell, and, in order to be a judge of it, it is necessary to contrast it with the common green, which is of a larger leaf, and the colour darker, being of a dusty yellow, inclining to green, the smell rather of a chaffy nature, and, in every other respect, little different to the ordinary green.

BLOOM TEA.—The face of this tea is of a much brighter colour than the common green, the leaves are the largest of any kind of tea, notwithstanding it is loose and remarkably light. It is a tea very little used by tea-dealers by itself, on account of its weakness.

HYSON TEA.—Is said to be so called from a Mr. Hyson, a rich East India merchant, who first imported it. Hyson tea has a smaller, harder, and more curled leaf than any of the preceding green teas; it is of a more blue colour, nearly resembling the bloom of a sloe, very fragrant to the smell, and remarkably heavy in the hand; it also tastes crisp in the mouth when chewed, and looks green. When made into tea, it scarcely tinctures the water. To know if it be good, let a cup full of its liquor stand all night; then, if its colour, delicate smell, and bitterish taste continue, it is good; but if these or any of them be impaired, the tea is old, and has lost part of its virtue.

GUNPOWDER TEA is of a much smaller quality than Hyson, being only about twice as large as a middling grain of gunpowder, and from its resemblance it is so called. It is a species of Hyson, but has not so much bloom, and is nearer a black; it has a very fine smell, and is much too strong to drink by itself; it is a great improver of a weak Hyson, or may be diminished of its own strength by an equal quantity of Hyson with itself.

TO DETECT COUNTERFEIT TEA.

COUNTERFEIT TEA FROM SHRUBS.—Upon suspicion of having any counterfeit tea made from any shrub, either from Chinese or of English produce, make a pot of it; pour out a dish, into which put a grain and a half of blue vitriol or copperas; if it is good genuine green tea, and set in a good light, it will appear of a fine light blue; if it is genuine black tea, it will turn to a deep blue, next to black; but if they are adulterated, there will appear in them colours of green, yellow, black, &c.

COUNTERFEIT BLACK TEA.—A small quantity of this tea will give a deeper colour to the same proportion of water than if it was good; it produces a reddish brown. When the leaves have been washed and stood a little, they will look greener than good Bohea. Dyed black tea is generally much larger, therefore it is best to buy the small leaf Bohea. Bad black tea may also be distinguished by the milk, when put into it, as it will rise reddish instead of dark brown. A little copperas put into this liquor will turn it into a light blue, which otherwise ought to be of a deep blue, inclining to black; and lastly, spirits of hartshorn makes the good tea of a deep brownish yellow, after it has stood

* See Literary Journal, Nos. 4, 9, 12, and 13.

† The Tea Purchaser's Guide, 8vo. Lond. 1785.

a while, like new drawn tincture of saffron, but it has not that effect on bad tea.

COUNTERFEIT GREEN TEA.—Put only a bit of gall into the liquor, and it will turn presently to a deep blackish colour, which it would not, were there no vitriol or copperas in it; for galls do not tincture tea naturally. If the liquor is of a pale green, and inclines to a blueish die, it is bad; and, as in the preceding articles, spirits of harts-horn will make it of a slight purple colour, and cause a small precipitation, instead of a deep greenish yellow, when it has stood a few minutes.

NATIONAL EXPENDITURE, CIVIL AND MILITARY.

[THE following observations are copied from the Times newspaper of Feb. 10, 1817.]

IN recurring to the reductions proposed in the army, we must allow,—and all candid minds, we are convinced, will allow with us,—that the present situation of the country does not admit that our land forces should suffer too great a diminution. By comparison with our navy, the troops retained seem numerous; but the services of the two species of force are wholly different. We always maintained the propriety of keeping up our quota in the army of occupation; and we predicted the evil that would result at home from the turbulence of some of our misled fellow-subjects. We are no friends to a military government; but still our houses are not to be broken open and plundered, and our persons shot at in them in broad day-light. There is no grievance of any kind for which there is not a civil remedy in the constitution. Those, therefore, who have recourse to violence, must be controlled by force; and force must be ready to control that violence, whenever experience teaches us that it may break forth. Hunt has summoned his mob to meet again to-day; and without reference to the means employed, we shall say boldly, that if it is suffered to break so much as one pane of glass—its disposition to outrage being well known—the constituted authorities are to blame.

In the year 1792, the British empire employed, we believe, nearly 60,000 men; for Ireland had then a separate establishment: at this time we have 81,000; the rest of the 123,000 being divided between and paid by France and the East Indies. When we consider, therefore, the vast aggrandizement of our empire in every part of the world; the accession of Malta and the Ionian Islands, Trinidad, and St. Lucie, the Dutch possessions, the Cape of Good Hope; together with the growing danger of Canada, and the more perilous situation of the whites in the West Indies, from the vicinity of the black empire, we will frankly confess our opinion to be, that, however there should be no waste of public money in the higher departments of the army, yet that the effective body of troops should not be too greatly reduced. We

would also suggest, both as an example to Ministers, and as, in part, a justification of them, that from the peace with America in 1783, to the war with France in 1793, gradual reductions in the military establishment were taking place; it having been found impossible to effect them all in the first years.

As to the sacrifice to be made by ministers of a part of their salaries, we think we spoke of that correctly before: the effective servants of the crown are far from being too well paid; and while we lament that the country is in such a situation as to make them think such a sacrifice is advisable, we cannot be doing wrong when we urge those retrenchments in other quarters, which might, if enforced, relieve them from the pain. Where, in truth, are the civil servants of the crown to be found who make fortunes by their situations? A diminution, therefore, of what is absolutely necessary for their support, in their respective offices, is a severe privation to themselves and their families. We wish the country candidly to consider this: and while the effective servants of the crown, and even their royal master himself, who gives up 50,000l., are thus liberal to the public, we would wish them to extend a severer scrutiny to their less efficient and more lavishly rewarded adherents—the possessors of sinecures and unmerited pensions. It is the funds of these men to which the nation has a right, and not to the well-earned salaries of its laborious servants.

THE HANDSOME MAN AND UGLY WIFE.

An Oriental Apologue.

A YOUNG man, remarkable for his beauty and elegance of person, was married to a woman exceedingly deformed and ugly; one evening, as they were sitting together, "My dear," said he, "I congratulate you; I am the messenger of good news; you and I are certainly to be in Paradise."—"May God," said the woman, "always make you the messenger of good news; but what is the occasion of your present warm address to me?"—"Why," returned the husband, "I shall certainly go to Paradise. It was my lot to have such a woman as you for my wife, I have borne it patiently; you will also go to Paradise, because I was given to you, and you are thankful; now God himself has said, by Mohammed, that the patient and thankful are to be blessed in Paradise*."

* The above would be sufficient (if proof were wanting) to show the error (see Literary Journal, No. 30, p. 465,) of those who teach that Mohammedanism describes women as without souls.—ED.

Fugitive Poetry.

ODE

FOR THE 25TH OCTOBER.

THIS was a day of Jubilee,
A day to every Briton dear;
But now, unmeet the sound of glee,
'Tis hallow'd with a silent tear;—
That "God would save," no more the prayer—
We only ask—that Heav'n would spare!

Oh honour'd be that aged head,
White with the venerable snows
That "four score years" have sternly shed!
Oh doubly honour'd by the woes
That left him but a shadowy throne,
In storms, in darkness, and alone!

And yet, tho' "quench'd those orbs" in night—
Tho' lost that mind in deepest shade—
Celestial visions, pure and bright,
And angel-visits duly paid,
May break on this dark wintry state,
And cheer the blind—the insulate!

Oh God! if such communion be
The solace of his loneliness—
If his high converse be with thee
And angels, who his visions bless—
Then who would such illusion break?
Oh who would bid such dreamer wake?

Peace be with thee, afflicted Sire!
How'er from Reason's path astray,
May Heav'n still lend its pillar'd fire,
To guide thee on thy lonely way;
Fill thy soul here with thoughts sublime,
And loose thee in its own good time!

TO-MORROW.

Imitated from the French.

BY THE LATE REV. WM. BELOE.

WHEN you, my charming fair, I press,
With smiles you answer my caress,
But, to my constant sorrow,
When love expects his due reward,
My burning sighs you disregard,
And say,—"I will to-morrow."

To-morrow comes: as soon as light
Has chas'd the ling'ring clouds of night,
More lively hopes I borrow;
I fly to meet my fair again,
But still she trifles with my pain,
And bids me come to-morrow.

But, cruel maid, you must beware,
Or soon you'll have your proper share
Of grief and anger too;
To-morrow, love, may turn the beam,
To-morrow—you less charming seem,
And I less warmly woo.

TRANSLATION FROM THE MORISCO.

BY THE SAME.

TAUGHT by the burning cheek of shame,
To hide the fire I feel,
I vainly struggle to conceal
The soul-consuming flame.
This billet, wash'd with many a tear,
Is charg'd with love's last long adieu;
Death, from desire or shame, finds entrance
here,
But welcome strikes, since I expire for you!

LITERARY FOLLIES.

Pour nous plaire, un plumet
Met
Tout en usage ;
Mais on trouve souvent
Vent
Dans son langage.

On y voit des Commis
Mis
Comme des princes,
Après être venus
Nus
De leurs provinces.

M. VANNARD.

L'homme sotart, et non scarant,
Comme un rotisseur, qui love oye,
La faute d'autrui, nonce avant,
Qu'il la connoisse, ou qu'il la voye.

M. MARAT.

La gentille alouette, avec son tirelire,
Tirelire a lire, et tirelira tire
Vers la voute du ciel, puis son vol, vers ce lieu,
Vire, et desire dire, adieu, Dieu ! adieu, Dieu !

Du Batras imagined, in the foregoing
lines, that he had imitated the harmo-
nious notes of the lark.

THE EARTH HOLLOW. *

Montpelier, (Vermont,) July 29.

CAPT. SYMMES, of Ohio, who recently
advanced the hypothesis that the globe is
hollow within, and formed of concentric
spheres, has published the following illus-
tration or demonstration of the truth of
that proposition: this gentleman, like many
other insane speculators, has at least
"method in his madness."

St. Louis, June 17.

GEOMETRY.—MEMOIR 2.—With dividers
describe a circle on a plate of matter of
loose texture, and in the centre add a very
small circle: then draw a right line
through the centre. It is evident, as mat-
ter gravitates matter in proportion to quan-
tity and distance, that either half of the
inner circle, being almost equally sur-
rounded by matter, must be very little
gravitated centrewise; so being suspended
extremely rare, only a rotatory motion is
needed to throw it compactly towards the
outer circle. This admitted, it follows
that, half-way from the outer to the inner
side of this circle of matter so thrown out,
a like rarity of gravity should prevail, and
hence a disposition to separate into two
concentric circles occurs. Thus far ad-
mitted, it follows, that successive similar
subdivisions should exist, gradually lessen-
ing in force or quality. By applying this
principle to the earth, I found the necessity
of hollow concentric spheres. A decision
of schoolmen on these lines shall be fol-
lowed by additional positions, further ex-
plaining my new principles of hollow
planets and concentric spheres, declared
in a circular letter of the 10th April, 1818.

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES,

Of Ohio, late Captain of Infantry.

* See Literary Journal, No. 19, p. 293.
No. 20, p. 312, and No. 22, p. 343, 349.

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

It is understood that the Dorothea and
the Trent, under Captain Buchan, were
proceeding on their voyage in latitude
80° 30', with a sea tolerably free to the
northward, when a violent gale of wind
from the westward drove them into the ice
in longitude 12, E. and they with difficulty
extricated themselves so as to be able to
return home. After a known failure, it is
consolatory to learn, that the cause of it
was thus accidental. These ships have
been repelled only by obstacles which
might prevent them from proceeding on
any destination, however common, by any
channel, however well ascertained. Their
return is, therefore, no argument against
the equipment of others, next season. The
chance of final success may be slight; but
it would not be creditable to the country
to desist from a scientific pursuit, to which
the attention of all Europe has been at-
tracted, until some more decisive repulse
shall have been sustained. The experi-
ment of sailing over the North Pole can
only be said to have failed, when some
vessel, having left the solid ice on the
European coast, shall have stood over to
westward and northward, constantly trying
to increase her latitude, and shall have
reached the solid ice of the American
coast, without having been able to stand
more duly north than she did. When
such a failure as this shall have occurred,
in some season not unusually rigorous, we
shall at least have attained one satisfaction;
we shall know the limits of possible disco-
very, the point where absolute knowledge
must end.

There is every reason, in the meantime,
to believe, that the North-West Expedi-
tion, under Captain Ross, may prove suc-
cessful. A letter from Mr. William Hurst,
master of the ship Ariel, to his owners,
Messrs. Hammond and Smith, dated
Stromness, 8th Oct. says:—

"A heavy gale came on the 9th Aug.
from the southward, and we got close beset
amongst heavy flaws of ice, where we were
detained till the 3d September, without
any possibility of getting out. The ship
was in great danger while we were beset,
but happily we escaped clear off, and I
observed in lat. 76° 8' N. and there found
an open sea. We stood off to the westward
for twelve hours, and met with no ice. The
Discovery Ships got out of sight of us
about the middle of August, and, from the
appearance it had when we left the ice, I
doubt not but they may find their wished-
for passage."

Thus it appears that the Isabella and
Alexander were to the northward of 76°
three weeks before the Ariel had the run to
the westward in an open sea, free from all
ice, which three weeks, in the event of the
sea continuing open, is more than sufficient
to have carried them to Behring's Strait.
At any rate, we think it probable that,
should they not be able to reach that
length, they will pass the winter in the
Hyperborean Sea, on the northern shore of
America.

For a full history of all the preceding

attempts to explore the Arctic seas, and
particularly of the voyage of Captain
Phipps (Lord Mulgrave,) and for a Map of
the World, on a North Polar Projection,
showing the respective courses designed
for the two expeditions, and the desired
geographical results of each, our readers
are aware that they need only turn to our
first four numbers.

VARIETY.

THE following is a receipt, forwarded
to us by a legal correspondent, and
given to him in the course of business.

RECEIVED of Mr J—s C—t, as much law
As comes to five pounds four and ten-pence,
in cash,
For drawing a lease, and so on, without flaw,
And attendance in person, to settle the hash.
This making a balance of goods had of me,
At different periods, in sugar and tea.

J—s H—n.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

October 9 to 22, 1818.

ANTIQUITIES.

The History of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, from its
Foundation; extracted out of Original Charters, Re-
cords, &c. By Sir William Dugdale, Knt. Garter.
Principal King at Arms. With a Continuation and
Additions, including the re-publication of Sir Wm.
Dugdale's Life, from his own Manuscript. By Henry
Ellis, F. R. S. Folio, 15l 15s. large paper, 31l 10s.
Antiquitates Curiosæ; the Etymologies of many Old Say-
ings, Proverbs, and Singular Customs explained. By
Joseph Taylor. 12mo. 5s.

CHEMISTRY.

Elements of Medical Chemistry. By M. F. Orfila. Vol.
1. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

Elgin Marbles, from the Pantheon of Athens, exempli-
fied by Fifty Etchings, selected from the most beautiful
and least mutilated Specimens in that Collection, and
accompanied by explanatory and critical Remarks
By Richard Lawrence. Small Folio, 3l 3s.

HISTORY.

Indian Church History; or, an Account of the First
Planting of the Gospel in Syria, Mesopotamia, and In-
dia, &c. By Thomas Yeates. 8vo. 6s.
La Campagne de 1815; ou, Relation des Operations Mili-
taires qui ont eu lieu en France, et en Belgique, pen-
dant les Cent Jours. Ecrite à St. Hélène. Par le Gene-
ral Gorgaud. 8vo. 10s.

MEDICINE.

Medical Sketches, on the Use of Hellebore and Colchicum
Autumale, and Observations on the sudden Death of
Women in Child-bed. By George Kerr. 12mo. 4s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays on Scientific Subjects. To be continued occa-
sionally. 8vo. 5s.
Tales and Poems. By Mrs Stanley. 8vo. 7s.
Correct Tables of Interest. By John Bettsworth. 18mo.
2s. 6d.

NOVELS.

The Veiled Protectress; or the Mysterious Mother. By
Mrs. Meeke. 5 vols. 12mo. 1l 7s. 6d.
Harry's Holiday; or the Doings of one who had nothing
to do. By Jeffrey Taylor. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

PHILOLOGY.

A New Theoretical and Practical Grammar of the French
Language. By C. Gros. 12mo 5s.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

An Essay on Money. By Charles Robert Prinsep.
sionally. 4to. 1l 1s.

TRAVELS.

A Narrative of a Journey of Five Thousand Miles
through the Eastern and Western States of America
By Henry Bradshaw Fearon. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The first new character which Mr. Kean has sustained this season, at Drury Lane, is Orestes, in Phillips's Tragedy of the Distressed Mother, of which production it has been justly observed, "that it is nothing more than a declamatory poem, neither involving the deep distress of English tragedy, nor conveying the very harmonious versification of Racine, from whom it has been borrowed." On Monday this revival was repeated for the third time. That Mr. Kean should have selected this play for the display of his talents, is not to us so much a matter of surprise as it appears to have been with other critics, for it should be recollected that Mr. Kean, during his stay at Paris, made the performance of Orestes, by Talma, his particular study,—we do not, however, think that his English portrait will become popular, notwithstanding that it exhibits a very great delicacy in the colouring. In the first scenes of the play, Mr. Kean has few opportunities to call forth his powers, and indeed throughout the four first acts, and particularly in the scene with Pyrrhus, where the king announces to Orestes, that he has altered his determination, and that he will espouse Hermione, we think that he fell short of Mr. Macready in the same part. The concluding displays, however, of madness, horror, and despair, were inimitably grand and appalling, and were worth all the trouble of sitting out the former part of the tragedy. It is almost impossible to conceive any thing finer than the sudden turns of passion by which the whole of the death of Orestes is preceded, as delineated by Mr. Kean. He received the customary tributes of admiration from the audience.

In the person of Mrs. W. West, we recognized a very pretty girl, Miss Cooke, who appeared a few seasons back at Covent Garden, and who used at that time to be in the line of Miss Brunton. Her absence has not improved her looks, but she has, perhaps, become a better actress, though we are afraid she will be quite spoiled by injudicious applause. There were parts of her Hermione that were marked by considerable expression, (we allude particularly to her tauntings of Pyrrhus,) but they were suffered to pass unheeded, whilst every passage of rant was met by loud approbation. The consequence was, that Mrs. West at length gave herself up entirely to indiscriminate loudness, and every fresh sentence being more noisy than the preceding, produced a corresponding acknowledgment from her enlightened judges. We should be sorry if she really received the applause as a tribute due to her abilities, whilst it was only extorted by her lungs. Mrs. Glover, (an admirable comic actress,) was certainly wretched in Andromache, and so far answered the idea of a Distressed Mother; but seriously speaking, Mrs. G. should not be suffered to expose herself in tragedy; we do not wish to say any thing too severe

on her performance, but it certainly was more farcical than any thing else; her countenance was absolutely ludicrous. The wry faces she made seemed to proceed from some strong emetic that she had swallowed, and if she herself was not sick, she at least made a portion of the audience so.

Mr. D. Fisher's great object in "the rugged Pyrrhus," appeared to get over his speeches as fast as his breath would allow him; in other words, to dispatch the character, he accordingly murdered it with due expedition, and obtained considerable hissing for his diligence. Mr. Barnard acted Pylades with considerable feeling, but we are astonished he has not been taught to pronounce Achilles.—The very spelling of the name should, we think, have demonstrated to him the utter impropriety of calling this hero *Akillus*, and the absurdity of such a misnomer was the more glaring as no one else in the play committed it but himself. We have dwelt on this subject because the fault has been before pointed out to him by a critic in a morning paper, to whose suggestions he ought to have attended. There is a wide difference in the propriety of behaviour and intelligence of the audiences at this theatre and at Covent Garden. On the fall of Orestes, the play was rudely put an end to, and Mr. Kean, (notwithstanding his previous exhaustion,) immediately called upon to give out the play of the following evening; we never recollect either of these circumstances occurring at the rival house; we were not sorry to find that Mr. Kean resisted this arbitrary mode of proceeding, and did not comply with the wishes of his foolish admirers. *Amoroso*, (a stupid burlesque,) followed, and was hissed at the conclusion. *Who's Who?* a very agreeable piece of equivoque, by Mr. John Poole, concluded the entertainments, and afforded much mirth and amusement. Munden delighted the audience.

The house was better attended than we have sometimes seen it, but, as "The Times" said on a former occasion, there was little of good company. W. B.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Wednesday, after the Clandestine Marriage, in which we do not think Mr. W. Farren has improved his performance of Lord Ogleby, the new melodrama of *Proof Presumptive* was represented. Alberto, who, in company with his friend Romani, has lost considerable sums of money at the gaming table, is overpersuaded, by the latter, to commit a species of robbery on the person of Orsino, a rich old man who is going to Cambray, with a large amount, to pay for the purchase of an estate, and who on his way to that place passes through the Abbey of San Marcy, and is not only accosted by the above young man, but on refusing to comply with their demands, is immediately assassinated by Romaldi. The murder is witnessed by Ernesto, sister to Ulberto, who has visited the abbey to gain a stolen interview with her husband. After the usual routine of false accusations, &c. &c. the real murderers are discovered. Al-

berto has poisoned himself before the discovery, and dies; Romaldi is given over to justice.

It will easily be perceived, by this sketch, that this piece is chiefly remarkable for an accumulation of horrors; what we have said on the "Castle of Paluzzi," (which greatly resembles the present piece,) applies with still greater force to the Abbey of San Marca. We never, in fact, witnessed an afterpiece so completely shocking; the incidents are dreadful, and are unrelieved by any counter-plot. To dismiss an audience with such impressions as are likely to be created by the melodrama in question, is highly reprehensible, and we were happy to perceive the audience thought so, and loudly condemned the experiment. Besides, the oaths, imprecations and appeals to Heaven were too numerous and indecorous. In other respects the construction of the piece was not bad, and the plot is so arranged as to create considerable though very painful interest. The scenery, that is to say, the first scene of the ruined abbey and Italian landscape, by moonlight, is beyond all praise, and the gradual approach of the storm is managed with consummate skill.

Macready's acting, as it always is in the villain, was admirable. The concealment of his agitation, at the trial scene, was uncommonly fine. We think this gentleman would make the best Sir Edward Mortimer on the stage. C. Kemble and Mrs. Fawcett were as usual; Abbott was ditto; Farley had scarcely any thing to do. The house, as usual, was crowded to excess.

Will it be believed that, notwithstanding the nature of the incidents in the above piece, the play bills of Covent Garden are injudicious enough to assert that "Proof Presumptive" excited the most attentive and pleasing interest!!! W. B.

SURRY THEATRE.—The same activity which marked the commencement of the season, has continued to its close, and two more pieces have been added to the stock-list of this theatre. *The Invisible Witness, or, The Chapel in the Wood*, is altered from the French, and is the same that has since been dramatised at Covent Garden, under the title of "*Proof Presumptive*;" its production at the Surry was an instance of most remarkable expedition: Mr. Dibdin only received it from Paris, in French, on the Tuesday night, perused it on Wednesday, and began to translate and alter it; finished and read it to the actors with all the parts copied, on Thursday, at two o'clock,—rehearsed it twice on Friday, three times on Saturday, had two splendid scenes painted, and produced it on the Monday evening. *Lucretia, or the Fall of Tarquin*, is altered from a rejected tragedy of that title which has been printed. Both the pieces were eminently successful. The house closed for the season on the 19th inst. with the benefit of Mr. Fitzwilliam, when a most crowded house testified the estimation in which that excellent actor is held; after the end of the second piece, Mr. Dibdin delivered the following address:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. — After a season of thirty weeks, in which almost as many new pieces have been stamped with the sterling seal of your approval, I have again the honour to offer my respectful acknowledgments and support, during a period of competition, when the unexampled number of from twelve or fourteen established places of entertainment have at once courted your protection.

"One evening of performance only intervenes between this and our opening at Christmas, the remaining interval shall be, as heretofore, most studiously and industriously occupied in preparations for your future amusement and increased accommodation.

"My worthy friends behind the curtain, and no manager could ever boast of kinder assistants at his back than I have, desire me, ladies and gentlemen, to express their gratitude for your generous attention to their benefits, the effect of which has never been exceeded in this or any other establishment. The brilliant prospect before me this evening, is as highly gratifying to me as it is honourable to a person I value as a worthy private friend, and a meritorious public individual. We all join, while taking a respectful leave, in wishing you health and prosperity, and that every good you have bestowed on the Surry Theatre, may be doubled on yourselves."

Original Poetry.

THE PROPHECY OF TALIESSIN *.

Oh, lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now! Gray.

HEARD ye that sound near Tywy's † stream;
Or, was it but some mystic dream,
That floats the pensive soul along
With its wild mimicry of song?
Ah, list again—yon mountain dell
Re-echoes to the tuneful spell;
'Tis Urien's ‡ mighty bard, that sings;

* "The Prophecy of Taliessin."—Taliessin has ever been considered as the most celebrated of the ancient British poets, on which account he obtained the appellation of "Pen Beirdd;" or, "Chief of the Bards." He flourished from about A. D. 520 to 570. Much of his poetry is preserved, and may be found in the "Welsh Archaeology." The "Prophecy," on which this humble effusion is founded, though short, is remarkable for having been, in every respect, so singularly fulfilled. I give the original, with a translation. Alluding, in one of his poems, to the Britons, at a time when their dominion was not confined to Wales, the Bard exclaims:—

"En nêr a folant,
En hiaith a gadwant;
En tir a gollant,
Ond gwilt Wallia."

Still shall they chaunt their Maker's praise,
Still keep their language and their lays;
But nought of all their old domain,
Save Wallia's rude and mountain reign.

† "Near Tywy's Stream."—The river Tywy, (pronounced Towy,) runs in Caermarthenshire, and through that part of the county in the neighbourhood of which Taliessin is supposed to have resided, during the latter part of his life.

‡ "Tis Urien's mighty Bard."—It was customary among the British chieftains to have their bards; and Taliessin, as appears by several of his poems, lived in that capacity with Urien Rheged, so called from the lordship of the latter name, which he obtained near the Tywy, which river formed one of its boundaries. I

How proudly burst his patriot fires,
As his lov'd country fills his wires,
And all her sorrows mourn along his strings!

The gifted seer! I hear him still,
As erst on his Demetian * hill,
When, starting from his eye, the tear
Proclaim'd his wild harp's transport near.
It comes, it comes—and when again
Shall Cambria hear so bold a strain?

"Land of my fathers, where is flown
The freedom of thy sea-girt throne,
When brave Caswallon † led his band
Of heroes, from thy chalky strand,
To check the haughty Roman's pride,
As Victory roll'd her reflux tide,
And Gaul beheld a stranger-train
Avenge her desolated plain?

Where now the valour, that of yore,
Exulted round thy craggy shore,
When even all-conquering Cæsar's name
Earn'd but at last a doubtful fame ‡;
And vain his wonted boast he view'd,
'He came, he saw,' but ne'er subdued §?
Where too, the bold and patriot zeal,
That flash'd in old Caradog's ¶ steel,
When, nobly struggling with his fate,
He fought and fell sublimely great:
Though lost his much lov'd hills and plains,
Yet still a victor in his chains,
And mighty Rome was awed to see
A Briton's native majesty!
Where now the fire, that since withstood
The treacherous Saxon's headlong flood,
When, ah! in luckless hour he came
To Britain's shores in friendship's name;

presume, this is the chieftain to whom Gray alludes in the following line of the "Bard,"—

"Brave Urien sleeps upon the craggy bed."
* "As erst on his Demetian hill"—Demetia was the Roman name for South Wales, or, at least, for that portion of it which included the domains of Urien.

† "When brave Caswallon led his band."—Caswallon was the Cassivellannus of Cæsar. In addition to the account given of him by that illustrious commander, several particulars of his life are transmitted to us by the Welsh Triads. Among others, it is related of him, that, having been forcibly deprived of his mistress, by a Prince of Gascony, he invaded Gaul with a considerable force, and meeting a part of Cæsar's army, destroyed more than six thousand men. The consequence of this partial victory was the recovery of the fair object of his search, whose Gascon lover, we may therefore conclude, was attached to the cause of Cæsar. It is farther mentioned, in the Triads, that this appearance of Caswallon and his army in Gaul, was the immediate cause of Cæsar's invasion of Britain, and which seems to agree with the account he himself gives, in assigning, as his motives for that expedition, the assistance derived by the Gauls from this country. His words are, "In Britanniam proficisci contendit, quod omnibus fere Gallis bellis hostibus nostris inde subministrata auxilia intelligebat."—*De Bello Gallico*, lib. 4. c. 20.

‡ "Earn'd but at last a doubtful fame." Notwithstanding the first successes of Cæsar against the Britons, his ultimate departure was regarded by the latter as a cause of triumph. And Caswallon is reported, in the Triads already cited, to have convened a national assembly for the celebration of the event by public rejoicings.

§ "He came, he saw, but ne'er subdued." This, it will be perceived, refers to Cæsar's celebrated laconic epistle, upon another occasion, "*veni, vidi, vici*." A reason is given in the preceding note, why the latter part of this triumphant exultation did not apply to Britain.

¶ "That flash'd in old Caradog's steel." Caradog, whom Tacitus calls Caractacus, was one of the most illustrious of the ancient Britons, and among the most formidable opponents of the Roman power. Even Tacitus describes him as one, "*quem multa ambigua, multa prospera extulerant, ut cæteros Britannorum imperatores præmereret*." And, among other particulars, we learn of him, from the Triads, that he was one of the three chieftains of Britain, to whom, in times of public danger, the supreme authority was entrusted. He is also described as one of the three "good persecutors of Britain," on account of his long and successful annoyance of the Romans. As for his ultimate defeat by Ostorius, and his magnanimous deportment at Rome, when brought in chains before the Emperor Claudius, they must be too well known to need repetition. The particulars may be found in Tacitus's *Annals*, lib. 12. c. 33. *et seq.*

Yet dared to draw the faithless glaive,
To wound the land he came to save *:
Though, Britain, oft thy vengeful arm
Broke, with fierce aim, the traitor's charm?"

"All, all is gone,—I see the host
Of Saxon strangers rule the coast:
Britain's last monarch † leaves the shore
An exile, to return no more;
While to his race, of all his plains,
A stinted rule alone remains ‡.
With patriot sadness, lo! he flies,
While memory fills his aged eyes
With all that once could pride impart,
To swell a king's, a Briton's heart;
But, sad reverse! his diadem now
Must grace a foreign ruler's brow,
And valorous Arthur's § old domain
Must crouch beneath a Saxon's reign,
Save Cambria's glens and mountains wild,
Asylum form'd for Freedom's child;
Proud refuge of the free and brave,
Who yet survive Britannia's grave!

"Yes, there, ye great and favour'd few,
My country still shall live with you,
And, rising o'er the wreck of time,
Exulting own her mountain clime;
While through her fairy-haunts ¶ shall stray
The music of her happier day.
For her's shall be the glorious meed,
(So Heaven and Genius have decreed,)
That still within her bardic shell
Her native notes shall love to dwell,
And still with 'raptured voice proclaim
The records of her pristine fame;
While, as of old, shall soar above
The hymn of gratitude and love,
Still mingling, with her gifted lays,
The incense of a nation's praise,
Till that dread hour, when time is o'er,
And song and genius charm no more."

October 1, 1818.

ORDOVIX.

* "To wound the land he came to save." This breach of faith, on the part of the Saxons, is well known to every one acquainted with the English history. Their answer to the application made by the Britons, about the year 450, to assist them in repelling the incursions of the Picts and Scots, was to the following purport:—"Assure yourselves that the Saxons will be true friends to the Britons, and, as such, will ever be ready both to relieve their necessities and promote their interest." How well they redeemed this pledge, the event soon proved! Yet the Britons, far from tamely acquiescing in their treacherous usurpation, made a long and gallant resistance, and often with signal success, and were only at last overpowered by the numbers and perfidy of their enemies.

† "Britain's last monarch." Cadwaladr, who was the last nominal sovereign of Britain, succeeded to the title in 660. Dispirited by the progress of the Saxons, he abdicated the throne in 686, and emigrated to Rome, where he died. After Cadwaladr's departure, the dominions of the Britons was confined to Wales and Cornwall.

‡ "A stinted rule alone remains." This has reference to Cadwaladr's inheritance of Gwynedd or North Wales, which descended, on his abdication, to his son Idwal. But it was not until the time of his grandson, Rhodri Molwynog, that the Britons were obliged to abandon Cornwall, and then, for the first time, their power was confined within the limits of Wales. This happened about the year 750, nearly two centuries after the death of Taliessin.

§ "And valorous Arthur's old domain." Arthur was one of the most remarkable characters among the Britons; but his name is so blended with fiction, that one can with difficulty extract the genuine history. We are informed, however, by Neunius, that, in the beginning of the 6th century, he frequently led the Britons to victory against the Saxons. He is also celebrated by Taliessin, Merddin, and Llywarch, who were his contemporaries. And the Triads record of him, that he was called by the states of Britain to the sovereign authority in the year 517: and he is said to have been killed in a battle against the Saxons, in 542. The Arthur of romance, although often confounded with the preceding, is quite a different person.

¶ "While through her fairy-haunts shall stray." The Welsh formerly (and it may still, indeed, be the case, to a partial extent) placed implicit belief in fairies, whom they called "*y tylwyth teg*," or "the fair tribe." An interesting account of this superstition is, I believe, to be found in Mr. Pennant's "*Tour in Wales*."

ZEPHYR AND TWILIGHT,

Respectfully inscribed to my Friend, BEPPO.

"Trifles light as air."

Shakespeare.

THE time was eve, and the sun had set
In splendour joyously bright,
When Zephyr and Twilight cheerfully met,
And laugh'd at approaching night.
They danc'd in the air—young Zephyr breath'd
The perfume he stole from earth;
And around his brows the jessamine wreath'd,
Whose flow'rs then newly had birth.
O bliss! how delighted were they!
'Till Night in the west
Display'd her dark crest,
And hid in her bosom the beauty of day.

Young Zephyr wing'd round, as the day left
earth,
And Twilight swiftly flew;
But Zephyr return'd with giggling mirth,
And 'gainst Night's curtain blew.
The effort seem'd vain—for darkness came on;
But soon all was bright as noon,
For his breath was strong, and the sleeping
lawn
He lit with the silver moon.
O me! 'twas an end to delight!
He skipt in the air
With the whispers there,
Then sank to rest in the stillness of night!
WILFORD.

STANZAS

In praise of that wholesome and beautiful Article
of Food, and Ornament of the Larder,
PUDDING.

I MARVEL much—'tis a burning shame,
And on our poets a tarnish,
To think that our beautiful theme has not
yet,
Had a bit of poetic garnish.
What follows is meant on their pages an eye-
sore,
A censure so dreadful shall ne'er lie at my
door.

How nice is your simple bread-pudding,
with eggs
And milk, stir't how ye will—
And should ye but tuck in a plum or two,
'Tis really beautiful!
Of your barn-door fowl or capon—don't speak,
I could dine off that seven days in a week!

And then your rice—O lud, lack-a-day!
A beautiful pudding I trow;
The top so brown, and the bottom so sweet,
Is any thing better below?
I love it, I love it—I care not who knows it:
Would I had one now! I'd say, "here goes it!"

Red currant? O my! my mouth all waters,
Most beautiful that, O my;
I have said it before, and I'll say it again,
'Tis ten times better than pie.
Would I had one here! I'd stick to't, od rat it!
So long as sleep left me an eye to look at it.

Your rump steak pudding—how rich, rich,
rich!
If made as it should be—so good!
Old Night, were he hunger'd, would wake
from his nap,
And "hold back his dark-grey hood,"
While he munch'd a bit; and he'd swear, by his
stupor,
He ne'er in his life had so luscious a supper.

And apple—my goodness! how nice, how
nice,
With nutmeg and sugar shov'd in,
And a large lump of butter roll'd into a crust
As thin as a shilling is thin!
O Lord! never talk of your turtle's green fat,
From July to June I could dine me off that.

And last, not least, in a big tin pan,
All smoking, and light, and hot,
There's your *toad i'th' hole*—pish! vulgar
name;
And yet it is good—is't not?
Now that's a pudding I like:—on my word,
I'd like one as big as your great tea-board!

Well—now I'll give over, dear ma'am, have I
done
My task as you wish'd? Don't deem
My raptures ought gluttonish—no, dear
ma'am,
No epicurean dream.
Had now I pudding, and *could* write a sonnet,
I'd eat not a bit, but I'd write one upon it!
BEPPO.

AN ODD WAY OF GETTING WELL
AGAIN.

To a little Girl who was about cutting her Teeth.

Poor little dear! altho' so ill,
You look so very thin,
You won't be better, love, until
Your bones prick thro' your skin!
BEPPO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE Repository, No. 1," in our next.
"The Last of the Vowels," "On the English
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of England," "Veritas," "On Mrs. C's
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"Puer," "Nisby," "Beppo," "A Tear,"
"Humilis," "Scotus," "T. R.," "J. P. T.,"
and several others, are received, and shall
be attended to.
"Annual Parliaments," page 418, for "as a
consequence, parliament," read "parlia-
ments;" for "not the latter," read "former,"
page 419, for "Latin and English words,"
read "records;" for "a doubt wheron,"
read "wherever;" in "make one appear so,
to take," transpose the comma and the an-
tecedent word; in "uninfringed on, that
annual," dele the word "that;" page 431,
for "naiveté," read "naïveté."

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